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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1848.

REVIEWS

A History of the Royal Society, with Memoirs of the Presidents. Compiled from Authentic Documents. By Charles Richard Weld, Esq. 2 vols. Parker.

THE Royal Society, like the British constitution, is a matter of everlasting discussion. Both have their Conservatives, their Protectionists, their Liberals, their Radicals, and their Chartists. Whether either can last in its present state, is a controversy; but most assuredly, whatever we may say of the future, both have their histories. And both have their historians, too; but the scientific corporation has not been so fortunate as the political one, hitherto. Mr. Weld, the Assistant-Secretary of the Society, has come forward to supply the place which in our national literature is occupied by the chroniclers. No one of his predecessors has done even this much: neither Sprat, nor Birch, nor Thomson, though each has merit, has given the means of referring to all the main facts of any one period of the Society's existence. And *chronicle* is the word, not history. The history of the Royal Society is part and parcel of that of Science. We can get the history of the Royal Society in its proper place,—that is, as effectively as we can get any part of the history of science. But the annals, the ordinary account of its internal and domestic life, did not exist altogether in any attainable form until the publication of the work now before us; and those parts which were separately published had not always the stamp of authenticity upon them.

It is clear then that the Assistant-Secretary has linked his name to the Society in a decided manner, and that he has performed a task which it would have augured gross incapacity not to have made one of useful result. It would have been odd indeed, if a man of common accuracy, with access to all the Society's records and power of asking information from any one of its Fellows, could not have produced a book worth consulting in the absence of any other. Accordingly, when we say that these volumes are necessary to those who would know the Royal Society, we conceive that we pay no compliment to their author beyond an acknowledgment of his care and trouble. We now go further,—and proceed to state the grounds on which we think that Mr. Weld has amply merited a higher testimonial.

The Royal Society has been in all time a curious mixture of somewhat discordant elements. Baptista Porta says that you must not play the philosopher in order to grow rich,—but that you had better grow rich first and then play the philosopher. The Society has had at least as much experience of both systems as was for the interest of science; first, in those whose philosophic character had a large infusion of the disposition to get on in the world,—next, in those who possessed hereditary rank or wealth and desired to shine among their fellow-men as promoters of knowledge. The second class exercises too much influence over the first; and the annals of the Royal Society frequently present marks of the undue sway of these natural and desirable springs of human action. A certain old sage of the middle ages says:—"Duo sunt vitia ad omni eruditione atque eruditissimam pellenia, avaritia et honoris cupiditas. . . . Adigunt enim doctos homines ad indignissima . . . ut in disciplinam atque ad honores doctrine admittant *dehonestamenta* artium. . . . Hinc fraudes, rixæ, perjuria, odia." . . . Now, should it so happen that this wholesome precept has been occasionally neglected, and some of the penalties incurred, our readers will con-

ceive that it is a delicate matter for the Assistant-Secretary to be a faithful historian. Between the council above and the critics around it might be thought that he would have some difficulty in preserving both self-respect and comfort; and we must avow that we had not a little curiosity to see how he would manage. The result is, to our minds, first a total absence of all such management as we might have supposed to be suggested by his position,—next, the appearance of a different character, so well sustained that we cannot help fully believing in its reality. Mr. Weld comes before us just as he might have done if he had been a Fellow of the Society,—with a strong leaning to favourable interpretation, but neither need nor wish to consult any leaning except his own. Moreover, there are many cases in which the leaning has not prevailed. There is therefore an air of independence throughout, which is honourable to the Society as well as to Mr. Weld. For we may feel tolerably well assured that he knew his ground, and that, had he supposed the judgment of a free inquirer would be unpalatable to those whose paid officer he is, he would never have attempted the undertaking. And when we find that the plan was warmly encouraged by Dr. Roget and other officers of the Society, we presume that such encouragement was given on the understanding that Mr. Weld was to be the unbiased promulgator of his own opinion on every subject. Such liberty adds to the value of the book as a record; for it gives the presumption that the Assistant-Secretary has been as free to use his eyes as his thoughts,—that is, that the records of the Society have been fairly open to him, to be published in such manner as his own judgment might dictate.

So much for the difficulty of principle. As to detail, we notice a considerable amount of extraneous research, conducted both laboriously and successfully, on matters arising out of the history of the Society, or connected with the biography of its most prominent characters. Accordingly, we see more than merely official record in the matter, as well as other than merely official opinion in the conclusions, of the treatise.

The faults of this work are not all due to Mr. Weld: some are inherent in the attempt to write a domestic history independent of the scientific one. He is chargeable with the name given to his work,—which is certainly a fault, because it is not the right name. Change the word *history* into *chronicles*, and there is little to which to take objection. Measure the contents by this gauge:—Will the historian of science want this or that fact? Must he have it for reference somewhere?—and the answer will justify the great bulk of the work. There are, it is true, many things which a reader who sternly applies the above test in a restrictive sense, may object to as gossip. Others will, on the contrary, feel obliged to Mr. Weld for having relieved his subject by the introduction of some amusing reading: for we must say, in passing, that the book is very amusing, and quite within the scope of the circulating library. Perhaps the most striking instance of departure from every apparent end and object of the book is the introduction of a song written by Sir John Herschel, for a family carousal held within the enormous tube of the old telescope.—

THE HERSCHELLIAN TELESCOPE SONG.

Requiem of the Forty-foot Reflector at Slough, to be sung on the New Year's Eve, 1839—40, by Papa, Mama, Madame, and all the Little Bodies in the tube thereof assembled:—

In the old Telescope's tube we sit,

And the shades of the past around us fit;

His requiem sing we, with shout and with din,

While the old year goes out, and the new one comes in.

Chorus of youths and virgins.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,

And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

Full fifty years did he laugh at the storm,
And the blast could not shake his majestic form;
Now prone he lies, where he once stood high,
And search'd the deep Heavens with his broad bright eye.
Merrily, merrily &c.

There are wonders no living wight hath seen,
Which within this hollow have pictured been;
Which mortal record can ne'er recall,
And are known to Him only who makes them all.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

Here watched our father the wintry night,
And his gaze hath been fed with pre-Adamite light;
While planets above him, in circular dance,
Sent down on his toils a propitious glance.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

He has stretched him quietly down at length
To bask in the star-light his giant strength;
And Time shall here a tough morsel find,
For his steel-devouring teeth to grind.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

He will grind it at last, as grind it he must,
And its brass and its iron shall be clay and dust;
But scatheless rays shall roll away,
And nurture its fame in its form's decay.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

A new year dawns, and the old year's past,
God send us a happy one, like the last;
A little more sun, and a little less rain,
To save us from cough and rheumatic pain.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

God grant that its end this group may find
In love and in harmony fondly joined;
And that some of us, fifty years hence, once more
May make the old Telescope's echoes roar.

Chorus fortissimo.
Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,
And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

Whether this insertion have a secret meaning, we know not: but we do know that this innocent family party was distorted into some curious story, which found its way to the Continent in a form more curious still. Nothing but our respect for Sir John Herschel's feelings prevents our stating that it was wafted to us from abroad that he had walked round the telescope, followed by his family, in a surplice, chanting the Litany. An entry in a private diary, never published till long after the death of its writer, produced the story that Newton once lost his wits, with circumstances which it cost some trouble to refute. Just as well might the absurd version of the above noted down in some corner of France or Italy have given rise to a similar rumour respecting Sir John Herschel in days yet to come.

Mr. Weld has many current anecdotes which it is well worth while to preserve. History is never better entitled to her name of "philosophy teaching by examples" than when she confronts the small talk of the day with the version which has stood the test of inquiry;—and to confront it, she must have it. The better the truth is established, the more effective is the contrast,—the more does it make knowledge useful in its application to the formation of correct habits of judgment. Take the much abused and proverbial "newspaper story:" would not the possession of the exact truth of every narration make this first approximation to it the most valuable of lessons? On this principle, we are for the preservation of every rumour of which it is certain that it *was* a rumour, a widely spread assertion; and we think the philosophers who would burn and destroy the *on dit* act much as those teachers of surgery would do, if such could ever be, who would admit none but healthy preparations into their museums and banish all specimens of morbid anatomy. But the chronicler has responsibilities even in the collection of the gossip which it is perhaps only his pleasure, but which we hold to be his serious duty, to collect. He must give the tales in their best form, with their greatest probability. He may not, to serve his own conclusion, make a report more of a report than it really is. Mr. Weld has committed an offence against this rule of a kind which, had there been many specimens of it, would have seriously altered our opinion of his book. Voltaire, in his *Philoso-*

phical Dictionary, hints that Newton owed his promotion to the attachment of Lord Halifax to his half-sister's daughter, Mrs. Barton (afterwards Conduit), and remarks that fluxions and gravitation would have gone for nothing without a pretty niece. On this, Mr. Weld observes that "the reader will scarcely arrive at Voltaire's flippant conclusion." Now, this is not the whole case; and Mr. Weld has several times quoted a life of Newton in which the circumstances of this rumour are brought together, even if he did not know them otherwise. The world said, as Mr. Weld knows and repeats (vol. i. p. 333), that Montagu was attached to the young and beautiful Mrs. Barton, and that "it is not explained" why he married another though he left her a large part of his fortune. "As may be imagined," says Mr. Weld, "she was not exempted from severe and unkind criticisms and censures." Why upon such showing should such a thing be imagined? Montagu loved her and left her his fortune, and nobody knew why he did not marry her: if this be all, the answer is, perhaps she would not have him;—the case has occurred scores of times. But Mr. Weld does not notice that the undisputed account of the unwilling witness in the *Biographia Britannica* states that Mrs. Barton lived in the house of Lord Halifax as his housekeeper or superintendent; and that if the words in which he left her the money do not mean that she had lived there as a mistress, she was very much to be pitied and Lord Halifax and his solicitor very much to be blamed. This is a different thing from a mere *verbum volans* of Voltaire. Grave and candid men are puzzled to know what the actual truth of this case was; the puzzle begins when they remember that the lady lived in the house of her illustrious uncle as the wife of a respectable husband, after the death of Lord Halifax. This is the case on the other side. Were it wanting, there would be no reasonable doubt that the censures, "severe and unkind" as they might perhaps have been, were founded upon a true basis. But Mr. Weld might have observed that Voltaire's conclusion does not follow, even if Mrs. Barton's frailty were fully established. From the probable date of the commencement of acquaintance between Montagu and Newton, it is more likely that the connexion with his niece, if it existed, was the consequence of their friendship than its cause. We have no proof whatever that Newton either owned or disowned his niece while she was living in the house of Lord Halifax. The peculiar projects of the latter with respect to the coinage, which required the executive officer of the Mint to be both scientific and influential, furnish an explanation of Newton's appointment which is in the highest degree probable:—and, supposing the worst of Mrs. Barton, nothing concerning Newton can be brought up to reasonable likelihood except that he, in an age when men as strict as himself could not move in public life without tolerating the most open contempt of decency, received and countenanced a relative whose natural protector he was, and who, whatever she might before have been, was then in a respectable position.

It is one of the greatest of the fallacies of the Royal Society that Newton *must* be protected:—they propounded it in his lifetime, and have never swerved from the proposition. To this day that corporation will not do anything to repair the shameful injustice with which it treated Leibnitz more than a century ago. An instance of refusal has just occurred. In the last number of the *Philosophical Magazine* Mr. De Morgan has published his discovery of certain surreptitious additions which were made in the second edition of the *Commercium Epistolicum*

(the manifesto of the Royal Society for Newton against Leibnitz) in such a manner as to make them look like component parts of the original edition. These were communicated to the Royal Society,—which declined to publish them. Not long before, the same writer had communicated an announcement of some facts which had been unnoticed, the want of which *might* (but as it happened never *did*) lead to the inference that Newton had written a falsehood. This announcement was published forthwith, in all the dignity of the *Philosophical Transactions*. Accordingly, as Mr. De Morgan remarks, "it is then the duty and pleasure of the Society to guard the fame of Newton, not only from what has been, but what might be, said against it; but it is affirmed to be either not its duty or not its pleasure to repair the effect of falsifications made in a publication issued under its name when the sufferer if any must be Leibnitz." These things, and the like of them, must always be borne in mind in reading anything on the subject of Newton which emanates from the Royal Society.

We shall return to Mr. Weld's book in a future number.

Aline: an Old Friend's Story. By the Author of 'The Gambler's Wife,' &c. 3 vols. Newby.

FROM the time when "the Italian singer who would not be kissed, which Mr. Killigrew, who brought her in, did acquaint us with," began to figure in the diaries of our Pepys-es and (more demurely) in the records of Evelyn and (more poetically) in the Latin sonnets of Milton—Counsel hath fretted her sibylline self into a fever on behalf of "the Daughters of England." "Dont marry your singing-masters," cries one Cassandra. "Think of that shocking match betwixt the Lady Henrietta Herbert and Mr. Beard, who sings in the farces at Drury Lane," exclaimed Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (herself a Primrose of virtue!);—coolly proposing the poisoning of the degraded lady as a fitter doom on the wretch who had so blotted the family escutcheon than the happy domestic life which biographers say did ensue! That a brewer's widow should for her second mate select a musical artist was a circumstance likely enough to throw a Dr. Johnson into fits, the state of contemporary public opinion considered: and since, of course, on all such occasions, the *confidante* must "follow suit" and be rampant in "white-linen madness," Miss Fanny Burney—the music-master's daughter—could do nothing less than match the ex-schoolmaster's explosions of thunderous wrath with her spasms of distressed propriety. Now, were we to hold the wisdom and humanity of this view of mixed marriages, we submit to all who are familiar with womankind that such terrors and exaggerations are, beyond every other incitement, calculated to encourage young ladies into following the examples of the lost Lady Henrietta and of her whom even the liberal Horace of Strawberry Hill must needs have his fling against as Mrs. Frail Piozzi. It is easier for the Chapones, Ords, Ellis-es, and other schoolmistresses who have tabulated female virtue in the catechetical forms of Pinnoek, to keep alive a class cry than to calculate the tremendous force and persuasion of curiosity and ennui. Elopements, like murders, rarely come single. The Drop, it is known, has a hideous fascination for persons of active and diseased fancy: and, to come to our book, if the present season close with a running-away with tenor-singers upon an extensive scale, the author of 'The Gambler's Wife' may possibly not be blameless,—solemn and lachrymose as she is in showing how no Lady Aline who thus forgets herself—be the hero ever so delicate, refined, chivalresque, and con-

stant—can look for anything but distress, confusion and sorrow. Those who know our novelist's works will be prepared to hear that the philosophy of the relations betwixt the Artist and the World is in no point touched. But, if even a Lady so openly at war with "convention" as Miss Jewsbury can finally take fright and contradict herself, as she did in her 'Half-Sisters,'—in place of carrying out her argument to its inevitable and wholesome conclusion,—we must not complain of a sentimental writer whose mind is of a less courageous order following in the path of prejudice.

Let us not be misunderstood: we have not the slightest intention to encourage Miss A., B., C., D., E., or F. to fall in love with

the fallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man, who teaches her "scales" or the true expression of 'Jeannette and Jeannot,'—but we resist, on principle, all attempts at once to increase and to immerse within its own prison-boundaries the class *Pariah*. Those who hold the views with respect to the Artist generically which this book indicates can scarcely enjoy Art without partaking in the blame of perpetuating serfdom in one of its most exquisitely painful forms. The question is full of delicacy and difficulty,—and both have been multiplied and complicated by the Artist himself: but it has two solutions:—neither of which is frankly afforded by the alternate frenzies and disdains of the Fools of Quality (whose tone even our Montagus and Walpoles have been willing to catch), or by such morbid pictures of injustice and distress and tragical issue as are contained in this story of the wife of an admirable and high-minded man who happens to be an opera singer!

Schiller's Correspondence with Körner—[Schiller's *Briefwechsel mit Körner*]. Vols. III. IV. Berlin, Veit & Co.; London, Williams & Norgate.

BIOGRAPHIES of successful authors and students will generally be found to differ from those of men celebrated for active pursuits in this respect, perhaps, more than in any other,—that the most noticeable records of the latter usually begin after the powers of the individual are fully developed, while in the former the stages of growth preceding that period afford the chief materials for description. Once arrived at the full sway of his energies and settled in a clear view of the course which they urge him to pursue, the man of letters is withdrawn in a great measure from the decisive control of those outward events that grace a narrative; and the works which he produces thenceforth become the main incidents of his life. In these only are fully shown the progress and final accomplishment of the destiny which had previously been fashioning his mind and character through the struggles of earlier years.

To Schiller's career, at all events, this remark will strictly apply; and we have been constantly reminded of it while perusing the two volumes of letters now before us, which complete the correspondence with Körner, extending over a range of nearly twelve years—a period enriched with the fruits of renewed poetical activity, and devoted to those creations of his maturer genius, on which alone his claim to a place amongst the chief writers of Germany can be founded. The contents of these letters are, indeed, exceedingly valuable and interesting,—more so, perhaps, than in the previous decade—but their interest, as well as their value, are rather literary than biographical. Of changes of outward fortune, or of new developments of personal character, we have little to note during the closing years of Schiller's existence; the poems and dramas which they produced in

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rapid succession were now the business of his life—and this absorbing pursuit at once decided the tone of his letters, and gave him less leisure, perhaps less inclination, for writing them. The correspondence never loses its familiar and cordial tone: it may be seen that the friends were at heart as near to each other as ever; but the intercourse on both sides became less frequent, as each grew more entirely attached to the serious employments of his life.

On Schiller's side, there were other causes to slacken the correspondence, besides the time bestowed on his poems, the wide compass of his preparations for every dramatic work, and the ardour with which his whole heart was devoted to both. From 1793 to the time of his death, we find but one year (1799) in which he can have enjoyed even a tolerable condition of body. The greater part of his existence was spent in continued suffering, the most dangerous aggravations of which could only be averted by great care, and at the cost of many privations. All this he patiently endured, so long as bodily weakness and distress did not reach the point of disabling him from working altogether—which, however, was often the case. At such times, even, he bore with remarkable fortitude a destiny which, to one of high aspirations, and fully conscious of his power to realize them, must have been unspeakably grievous. Before him lay, clear and attainable, the objects towards which in all the agitations of his past life he had been darkly striving. At length he had mastered a form in which the Ideal, that had been for years the haunting vision of his mind, could be in some measure embodied. With every fresh trial of his powers, he gained new command over his work, and a surer confidence in his vocation—everything belonging to it seemed to aid his progress, and to point to a higher reach of that upward way, in which he sought the poet's crown. To be thwarted in this course by mere accidents of the body; to be cast down from these high hopes by such sorry hindrances was, indeed, a trial of no common severity; few men have been so rudely afflicted by the strife of mind with matter, none perhaps have borne the affliction with greater magnanimity, than Schiller.*

Whenever the subject is mentioned in the letters now before us—and it is the most frequent of any that are merely personal—there is not a word wasted on the bodily pain of his condition, great as it must have been: the only signs of impatience that break out are provoked by the interruption of his work during these continued fits of suffering,—as in the following passage:—

I have not yet been able to do more than a very little work; there are days on which I even seem to hate the pen and the desk. An illness so obstinate as this is, with such rarely granted intervals of freedom, often depresses me severely. At no period have I ever been richer in designs for literary labours; at none have I ever been less able to keep steadily to my task, in consequence of the poorest of all hindrances, mere bodily affliction. Of any greater compositions it is in vain to think; and I am glad enough if I can but, from time to time, complete something like a whole of the smallest kind.

The illness to which the above extract refers embittered the period of a visit to his family at Heilbronn. After many years' absence he once more, in 1793, set his foot in Suabia. The prince whose ban had rested on him as a deserter, now saw the fugitive return in all the lustre of acknowledged celebrity; and carried his forgiving condescension to the poet so far as to intimate that his presence would be "ignored" by the court,—that he would be *suffered*, in short,

to reside unmolested with his father at a certain distance from the capital. This was Schiller's last appearance on his native soil:—not long after his return to Weimar, death and sickness broke up the Wurtemberg household:—his father and a young sister, of great beauty and promise, were successively carried off in 1796: at a moment when the sickness as well of Schiller as of his Lotte rendered it impossible for him to give personal help or comfort to the survivors. "You may believe," he says, with manly brevity, at the close of a few lines recording the last of these bereavements, "that the heart, under such experiences, cannot well recover its cheerfulness." Nor does it seem to have enjoyed many untroubled moments from this period.

After an interval, indeed, of better health in 1799, the state of his constitution—over-worn perhaps, by the continual fever of production that now consumed him—grew seriously worse; illness followed illness with but short intermissions; each successive attack assumed a more serious character and made him weaker to bear the next—and throughout the concluding years of his life the rich creations of his mind may be said to have been extorted from a body leaning more than half broken on the very edge of the grave. The productions of these years, lyrical and dramatic—especially considering their exquisite finish and deeply considered plan—would have been remarkable merely as fruits of industry in a state the most favourable to application; composed as they were, they prove a degree of self-forgetfulness not less wonderful than the freedom and height of a spirit which could thus rise to fair and stately conceptions amidst the tortures of its earthly prison-house. Well might Schiller exclaim (in 1800), looking back on what the few preceding years had already brought to light: "I may still hope to merit a place among the prolific dramatists, if I am but spared to reach my fiftieth year."—*Dis aliter visum.*

We have seen how Schiller was released, at the close of 1792, from the task-work imposed by the mere necessity of earning his daily bread. This happy change gained an increased effect from the influence of Goethe: whose intimacy with Schiller began in 1794, on the establishment by the latter of the *Horen*—a periodical intended to collect original productions from the best poets and writers of the time. Once brought into nearer connexion, every trace of estrangement between the two poets rapidly disappeared:—each discovered in the other points of agreement that had not been suspected before; both were found intent upon a common object, although approaching it by different ways; and a lively interest arose immediately between them in the attempt to trace the respective limits of their opposite tendencies, and by the union of both at once to complete the account which all higher intellects love to render to themselves of the nature and laws of their activity, and to lay down sure ground for further progress and production. The published correspondence of Goethe with Schiller is an invaluable record of this pregnant intercourse of two superior minds:—in the letters before us we see its effects on the younger of the two from another and very interesting point of view. It found Schiller at a critical period; and its influence soon made itself felt in the burst of poetical life which rushed like a new spring through his existence. The flow of compositions of the higher order, long interrupted, now reappeared,—in a current at first slow and embarrassed, growing by degrees into strength and clearness, as one obstacle was removed after another, until the whole powers of Schiller's genius, sure of their direction, rushed tri-

umphantly into the new channel. In a short notice like this it would be impossible to examine the respective shares that many various influences had in determining this course;—amongst which critical and philosophical studies on the one hand, and the spur of Goethe's genial creative nature on the other, were certainly the most important. This alone we may briefly remark. The return of Schiller, to dramatic poetry especially, was now a conscious process. He had endeavoured to frame for himself a scheme of critical guidance, founded on a study of the principles of his art, which might lead the imagination to a sphere of true liberty, and direct all its powers to the scope of their most perfect exercise. That he was greatly successful in this attempt there can now be no doubt whatever. It may be that a more unconscious and spontaneous manner of production is essential to the finest creations of poetry; and that a genius which can borrow material aid from critical reflections is not of the very highest order. But it can scarcely be denied that Schiller's cast of mind was not apt for an entire independence of the reasoning faculties; and there was something peculiar, too, in its composition which allowed of their presiding, as it were, at the births of his imagination, without robbing them of either warmth or colour,—to a degree scarcely to be paralleled in any other instance. It may be pretty certainly averred that of whatever poetical gifts Schiller had received from Nature, nothing was lost by the share which he gave to thought in producing and ordering them: that, indeed, they only gained from its influence a clearer light and a more faultless beauty of arrangement. The conclusions that may be drawn from this account of the quality of his poetical genius will naturally be as various as are the various theories of the Poet's mystery:—the truth of the account itself will be sufficiently evident, we think, on any close examination of Schiller's writings, and especially on comparing the works of his crude youth with those of his cultivated maturity. Nor will it be asserted by many of the poet's admirers that he might have performed still greater things had he followed less deliberate ways of reaching them. In the Wallenstein Trilogy, in 'The Maid of Orleans,' and, above all, in 'Tell,' he seems to have risen to the highest performances of which his nature was capable: a longer life might have increased the number of his works, but could hardly have enabled him to surpass the merit of these.

In the letters to Körner the travail of Schiller's mind with its new poetical era is very interesting. The decisive moment of his labour was contained in the production of 'Wallenstein.' In it, and with it, he long struggled and thought and theorized; until by degrees the chaos became organic, and he gained in the process of completing the work the art which was to guide him more rapidly and firmly to others. It is curious to see how the subject opened and grew upon him during the long period in which he was wrestling with its intractable theme, and hardly gaining, step by step, a footing on the new ground he was thenceforth to occupy with an air of command. In 1793 the play was already in hand; and "were the plan once finished," says Schiller, "I have no fear of completing it in three weeks." Some months later it is seen that the plan "cannot be too strictly considered;" and the poet is afraid lest "his imagination, when the time for its exercise on this subject arrives, should forsake him." Two years elapse, and still the work cannot get ripe for this productive stage. In 1796 Schiller writes, on resuming his Wallenstein MS. with good spirits, after a long pause, "Of my old manner and art I can, it

* Our readers will remember the testimony on this head of W. von Humboldt, in the 'Letters' reviewed *Ath. No.* 1068.

is true, make but little use; but I hope to be now far enough on my new way to be ready for a trial." Late in the same year: "Wallenstein now occupies me seriously and exclusively. As yet, indeed, I cannot touch ground; still I hope within three months at the furthest to be pretty nearly master of the whole, so that I may be in a condition to proceed at once to the act of composition, which will then be an affair of but a few months." Again we hear—"The reading of authorities for my Wallenstein is now my sole business: I find there is no way whatever of getting a fair hold of this subject but by the most careful study of the history of the time"; and just before the year's end, the following passage shows how the subject grew in difficulty the longer the poet attempted to grasp it.—

I am still brooding earnestly over the Wallenstein; but that luckless work still lies before me, as heretofore, without end, without form. Do not think, however, that I have survived my faculty of dramatic writing, such as it may have ever been. No! I am only grown difficult to please, because my conception of the business and my demands on myself are now more clear and definite than formerly; and the latter are become severer. None of my old pieces had so much design and form as Wallenstein already has; but I now know what I will, and what I ought to do too precisely to let myself off with any slight performance. The subject, I may indeed say, is in the highest degree intractable for such a purpose; it has nearly every defect that ought to disqualify it for dramatic use. At the bottom it is a mere political transaction (*Staatsaction*), and with regard to its poetic treatment, has nearly every defect that a political intrigue can possibly exhibit—an invisible abstract object, petty and numerous instruments, a scattered action, a hesitating progress, a fixity of calculating purpose far too cold and dry for the poet's uses, without even this, however, being carried out to perfection, so as to gain poetical grandeur in that way. * * In one word, nearly every way is cut off by which I could get hold of this subject in my former manner: from the matter itself I have scarcely anything to expect: everything must be effected by fashioning it happily, and in no other way but by an artistic management of the action can I make a fine tragedy out of it.

This will give but a slight notion of the assiduous thought, the long-digested materials, the various trials bestowed by the poet on the preparation of his first masterpiece. It was not completed until three years later—"Wallenstein's Death," which closes the Trilogy into which Schiller was at length compelled to divide the vast breadth of an unmanageable subject, having been finished in 1799 only. Of his anxieties, alterations, and interruptions during this interval, the letters are full; throwing a new light on many features of a work which in its final completeness betrays no trace of half of the materials expended in composing it. Similar illustrations, of his other works less copious and minute, indeed, but still highly interesting, as they mark what were the poet's first intentions and final manner of proceeding in the season of his highest powers, are afforded to the very close of the last volume. His progress, after mastering 'Wallenstein,' was, however, much more rapid and determined. 'Maria Stuart' was finished early in 1800, after little more than six months' labour: 'The Maid of Orleans' followed in the next year. Between this and 'The Bride of Messina,' which appeared late in 1802,—while hesitating as to the choice of a new subject, and amusing himself with ideas of writing a comedy,—he translated 'Macbeth' for the Weimar Theatre, and composed his elegant paraphrase of Gozzi's 'Turandot.' At this period he had, after some hesitation, come to reside permanently at Weimar, in order to be within reach of the stage,—an habitual view of which he felt to be necessary for his accomplishment as a writer of plays meant not for the

closet only; and, on this removal to a more expensive place, the Duke was persuaded by Goethe to make a further addition to his pension. A longer interval than usual elapsed between the appearance of 'The Bride of Messina' and his last and best tragedy—'William Tell'; concerning which, not long after the plan had been first suggested to him by Goethe, in 1802, he thus wrote to Körner, in words that we now know to have been in some degree prophetic. Speaking of his nearer approach, in 'The Bride of Messina,' to the character of the Athenian tragedy, he says:—

The entire novelty of the form has made me, as it were, grow young again; or, rather, the older manner has brought me closer to the antique; for it is in the elder time, after all, that the real youth of Poetry exists. Should I ever succeed in handling in the same spirit in which I am writing my present drama an historical theme,—such, for instance, as the Tell, which also might be thus written with far less difficulty,—I may then believe myself to have fulfilled the utmost that can now be reasonably demanded.

The task was begun in earnest in 1803, but not completed until 1804:—many hindrances, besides those of frequent ill-health, having come in the way. Amongst these, curiously enough, appears the lively, talkative figure of Madame de Staël. He writes, in January 1804, as follows:

My piece, which I promised to the Berlin Theatre for the end of February, engrosses my head altogether: and now, to add to my troubles, some demon has brought me hither that French she-philosopher who, of all the living beings that have ever yet come before me, is the most mercurial, disputatious, and eloquent. She is, however, at the same time, the most cultivated and quick-witted of living women; and, indeed, did she not really interest me, she might remain here quiet enough, for any intrusion from me. But you may fancy what a contrast such an apparition—of a diametrically opposite species, standing on the height of French culture, cast down upon us here from a totally strange world,—must present to our German natures, and to mine, of all others. She nearly makes me quarrel with poetry; and I wonder how I succeed in doing anything at all just now. I see her frequently; and as, besides other difficulties, I am not able to express myself readily in French, I have, indeed, a hard time of it with her. Yet it is impossible not to esteem highly, and even to respect her, for her fine intellect, as well as for her liberality of spirit and many-sided openness to new impressions.

The counterpart to this picture of the earnest and much-troubled German philosopher-poet at the feet of the vivacious, confident and inquisitive French philosopher-wit, had already been given in Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne.' On both sides the representation is characteristic, and is creditable to the feelings and judgment of each—widely different as are the points of view from which their descriptions were respectively taken. We see the sketch of the French lady, however, it may be observed, as it was studiously prepared for the public view; these lines of the German author were thrown off without reserve, in the freedom of a private communication.

'William Tell' was finished, after all, in February, according to promise: and the poet's career, which was brought to a close in little more than a year later—(he died in May, 1805), could hardly have been stayed at a higher point of accomplishment. His health rapidly grew worse: a new tragedy was, indeed, begun, and some posthumous fragments of 'Demetrius' have been preserved; but it was decreed that with 'Tell' Schiller, to use his own words, already quoted, should "have fulfilled the utmost" that was appointed for him in time:—a task, it may now be said, as he fulfilled it, of no common dignity and endurance.

It is impossible, within a brief notice like this, to touch upon even the merest heads of many things highly deserving of attention, and

full of pleasing interest or instruction, which will be found in this Correspondence. We must even refrain from dwelling on some charming records of the friendly intercourse with Goethe, all the years of which are comprised in the volumes now before us. It must suffice us here to say, that they display the influence, as well as the actions, of the greater poet in a most amiable light—and show a constant exercise, on his part, not less of kind practical offices of friendship than of fruitful literary furtherance. The personal regard with which Schiller was soon affected for his brother-poet was only strengthened by closer intimacy; nor did proximity weaken the feeling he had always entertained of Goethe's poetical mastership. It breaks out on one occasion in this energetic way;—when, acknowledging with delight the applause with which the Körners had greeted one of his own pieces, in the *Horen*, which contained some of Goethe's also, Schiller writes: "It was very grateful to me to hear that my poems gave you pleasure. But, compared with Goethe, I am, and shall always be, a mere rag of a poet (*ein poetischer Lump*)": "ragamuffin," we might, indeed, translate it, *salvo dignitate*.

The publisher's modest preface at the head of the Fourth volume informs us how these letters, which Körner himself could not bear to see published, have now come to the light some years after his decease (in 1832). It will be seen that they were the source from which most of the extracts in the notice prefixed by Körner to his edition of Schiller's works were taken: but beyond this limited use, the surviving friend was reluctant to disturb the records of an intercourse which he might well regard as the most precious ornament of his earlier life. They are now published by the leave of Körner's heir: nothing is added in the way of annotation to the text, one or two of the slightest notes excepted. There may have been good reasons for putting them forth at once in this barest possible form; but a collection of such materials will surely deserve a more complete edition hereafter. With proper explanations, and due notices of the various persons, literary incidents, and other more general matters to which allusions are made in the letters, it would give, perhaps, the most comprehensive and animated view that can be imagined of a notable period in the literary and social history of Germany. The letters already introduce us to most of its principal forms and productions—grouped, as it were, around one chief central figure; while Körner serves as a kind of chorus, to report and comment on what may be passing a little beyond the charmed circle. The task requires, and must amply reward, the labours of a good editor; and it would be well to have it undertaken before time has swept out of sight many things that even now are only preserved by tradition or in unpublished documents. It will be seen, from what has now been said, that we regard these four little volumes as the most precious contribution that has been made to the memorial literature of Germany since the two series, containing Goethe's Correspondence with Schiller, and with Zelter, were severally published a few years ago.

Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago. Dublin, M'Glashan; London, Orr & Co.

Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation. By D. Owen Madden. Same Publishers.

THESE works are designed to illustrate the change of manners which has taken place in Ireland within the memory of living men,—a change greater than any wrought within the same space in any other country; so great, indeed, that the most authentic materials of the past generation are regarded by young men of the

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present day as little better than romantic fictions. Cromwell was the first English ruler who completed the conquest of Ireland. His settlement ratified by Charles II. rendered the country a kind of colonial appendage to England, garrisoned by the Protestant Ascendancy who made it their boast that they were "aliens in language, religion and blood" from the people whom they held under their control. The wars of William and James had shown them that they must keep by the sword what they had won by the sword. The whole policy of the Penal Laws had for its single object the security of the grants of the forfeited estates;—and it must be confessed that during the last century the hope of recovering those estates had not quite disappeared from the dreams of the Irish people.

A minority trusted with the wardship of a disaffected majority must necessarily contract military habits of thought and action. The Ascendancy adopted all the licence of a camp but not a particle of its discipline. The native Irish looked on at their revels, in which they were not allowed to participate;—for it was gravely declared from the Bench that the Law did not recognize the existence of a Papist in Ireland. From what we have said, it may reasonably be expected that the prevailing habits of the Ascendancy would be precisely those of a licentious and ill-commanded soldiery,—not unlike those which were rife in Germany before the Peace of Westphalia. The author of the 'Sketches' tells us—

"At the period we refer to, any approach to the habits of the industrious classes by an application to trade or business, or even a profession, was considered a degradation to a gentleman, and the upper orders of society affected a most rigid exclusiveness. There was, however, one most singular pursuit in which the highest and lowest seemed alike to participate, with an astonishing relish—viz., fighting—which all classes in Ireland appear to have enjoyed with a keenness now hardly credible even to a native of Kentucky."

Lawyers were by far the most pugnacious body in Ireland; a barrister was bound to be ready "to give the satisfaction of a gentleman" to any witness whom he had treated harshly in cross-examination, to any opponent on whom he had reflected in a speech, or to any client who was dissatisfied with his skill in pleading. Curran owed his early success as much to his courage as to his eloquence. Lord Norbury literally shot his way up to the Bench;—and there was scarcely ever an important trial which did not give rise to one or two duels. "It is time" said a veteran of this school,—"it is time for me to retire from the bar, since this new-fangled special pleading has superseded the use of powder." On the promotion of the present Justice Ball, the retired veteran exclaimed,—"It is an appointment that smacks of old times:—in my day a ball was deemed a final judge in every controversy."

The training which youths received in the University was well calculated to nurture such warlike propensities. In a scarce pamphlet, entitled 'Advice to the Students of Trinity College in the style of Swift's Advice to Servants,' we find that it was the custom for the gowmsmen to have the keys of their chambers as large and heavy as possible. These, when slung in the tails or sleeves of the gown were most formidable weapons; and "Shall I give him the key, boys?" was a question which, when answered in the affirmative, led to more than one homicide. The night of Trinity Sunday was annually marked by the most desperate riots: no office in the world would insure the life of a Dublin watchman on the eve of that anniversary. The 'Sketches' add—

"The interior of the college was considered a sanctuary for debtors, and woe to the unfortunate

bailliff who violated its precincts. There stood at that time a wooden pump in the centre of the front court, to which delinquents in this way were dragged the moment they were detected, and all but smothered. One of the then fellows, Dr. Wilder, was a man of very eccentric habits, and possessed little of the gravity and decorum that distinguish the exemplary Fellows of Trinity at the present day. He once met a young lady in one of the crossings where she could not pass him without walking in the mud. He stopped opposite her, and gazing for a moment on her face, he laid his hands on each side and kissed her. He then nodded familiarly at the astonished and offended girl, and saying 'Take that, miss, for being so handsome,' stepped out of the way and let her pass. He was going through the college courts on one occasion when a bailliff was under discipline: he pretended to interfere for the man,—and called out,—'Gentlemen, gentlemen, for the love of God, don't be so cruel as to nail his ears to the pump.' The hint was immediately taken; a hammer and nails were sent for, and an ear was fastened with a tenpenny nail; the lads dispersed, and the wretched man remained for a considerable time bleeding and shrieking with pain, before he was released."

'Pranceriana,' a satire on Provost Hutchinson, ascribed to the late Dr. Duigenan, contains many allusions to similar outrages,—and more than insinuates that any breach of decorum would be pardoned in an elector who promised to vote for the nominee of the Provost. It was, indeed, established in evidence before a Committee of the Irish House of Commons that the Provost offered a candidate for fellowship the private use of his roll of questions in one of the most important courses as a bribe for his vote. Though the result of the examination was doubtful, the bribe was refused; it is, however, gratifying to add that the virtuous candidate obtained the fellowship, and is now the venerable octogenarian Dr. Millar of Armagh. The author of the 'Sketches' has recorded one instance of a homicide perpetrated by a student of Trinity College in the wantonness of riot: we could have added to the number, but we should needlessly harass the feelings of persons still living, and we shall content ourselves with quoting the fate of M'Allister.—

"He was a native of Waterford, and one of the young members of the university most distinguished for talent and conduct. He supped one night at a tavern, with a companion named Vandeleur, and they amused themselves by cutting their names on the table, with the motto, *Quis separabit*? Issuing from thence in a state of ebriety, they quarrelled with a man in the street, and, having the points of their swords left bare through the end of the scabbards (a custom then common with men inclined for a brawl), ran him through the body in the course of the fray. They were not personally recognized at the time, but the circumstance of carving their names on the table was adverted to, so they were discovered and pursued. M'Allister had gained his rooms in college, where he was speedily followed. He hastily concealed himself behind a surplice which was hanging against the wall, and his pursuers, entering the instant after, searched every spot except the one he had chosen for his superficial concealment. They tore open chests and clothes-presses, ran their swords through the beds, but without finding him, and supposing he had sought some other house of concealment, they departed. On their retreat, M'Allister fled on board a ship, and escaped to America, where he died."

Society was at this period infested by a set of professed duellists, who perpetrated the most wanton outrages in the belief that their reputation as "dead shots" would prevent any demand for satisfaction. Bryan Maguire was the last of the race: and of him we have the following account.—

"His domestic habits were in keeping with his manner abroad. When he required the attendance of a servant he had a peculiar manner of ringing the bell. His pistols always lay on the table beside him, and, instead of applying his hand to the bell-pull in

the usual way, he took up a pistol and fired it at the handle of the bell and continued firing till he hit it, and so caused the bell below to sound. He was such an accurate shot with a pistol, that his wife was in the habit of holding a lighted candle in her hand for him, as a specimen of his skill, to snuff with a pistol bullet at so many paces' distance. Another of his royal habits was his mode of passing his time. He was seen for whole days leaning out of his window, and amusing himself with annoying the passengers. When one went by whom he thought a fit subject, he threw down on him some rubbish or dirt to attract his notice, and when the man looked up he spit in his face. If he made any expostulation, Bryan crossed his arms and presenting a pistol in each hand, invited him up to his room, declaring he would give him satisfaction there, and his choice of the pistols. After a time Bryan disappeared from Dublin; he has since died, and has had no successor."

The anecdotes of hard drinking, of abduction, and of contempt for the law collected in these 'Sketches' have been for the most part taken from the writings of Sir Jonah Barrington. We have confined ourselves to those which are characteristic of a state of society rather than of individuals:—they suggest the pregnant question, "If such habits prevailed among the ruling class, what must have been the condition of the lower orders?"

Circumstances as the Ascendancy was in Ireland, being as we have said virtually a garrison in a hostile country, the habits of the camp were, we repeat, forced upon them by the circumstances in which they were placed. An oligarchy must be violent and tyrannical,—such are the necessary conditions of its existence; and the Irish oligarchy had the additional temptation of irresponsibility, being convinced that any insurrection against the Ascendancy would be crushed by the whole weight of England.

Turning from the 'Sketches' to the 'Revelations,' we find that we have jumped over a quarter of a century. The authors of both volumes have, save in one instance, avoided the Insurrection of 1798 and the wild enterprise of Robert Emmett; and by so doing they have left a gap which we trust some diligent and impartial collector of anecdotes will fill up. With one exception, Mr. Owen Madden's 'Revelations' relate to events late in the present century; and this has forced upon the author a certain reserve not always favourable to the point of his anecdotes. His stories of the old Munster Bar introduce us to a race of lawyers very different from those described in the 'Sketches.' Jokes take the place of duels, and hoaxes are substituted for deeds of violence. We have a lively recollection of one of these which was practised on an excellent clergyman whose only fault was his noted epicurism.—

"This excellent gentleman was once dining in company with Frank M'Carthy, who knew the parson's weak point. He was much pleased with the lively wit and convivial powers of M'Carthy, whom he had not met before; he liked him still more, when the learned counsel affected to have similar tastes with his own. M'Carthy dwelt with raptures on the exquisite relish of a shoulder of mutton which had been buried in the ground for a fortnight. He said that he had recently partaken of mutton that had been subjected to that process. The parson was incredulous as to the fact of burial improving the flavour of a leg of mutton; M'Carthy, however, was positive, quoted a fragment of Latin, calling it a passage from Pliny the Younger, to the effect that the ancients buried their meat at times. Worked upon by the eloquence of M'Carthy, the incredulity of the parson gave way, and the master of the feast proposed that the experiment should be tried. M'Carthy having said that the spot for burying the mutton should be dry, and of a gravelly character, the parson eagerly exclaimed, 'I have the place suited for it—the corner of my garden.' The experiment was made—the mutton was buried. A dinner-party

was arranged for the purpose of partaking of the exquisite dish! Meantime, intelligence was conveyed in a private manner to Mr. James O'Brien, the county coroner before mentioned, that a very mysterious circumstance had occurred in the parish of —, in the barony of Carberry, to wit, that the body of a full-grown infant had been privately buried in the garden of Parson —. The hoax was well managed. O'Brien was made positively certain that a particular part of the garden was disturbed, and that something had been buried there. Advantage was taken of the reverend epicure's absence for a couple of days from the glebe. Suspecting nothing, the coroner of the county fell into the snare. He left Cork without delay, and soon arrived at the scene of guilt. He asked for the reverend clergyman, and was told that he was from home. He gave his name, and said that he was coroner for the county. Without ceremony, he summoned a jury from the neighbouring villages and town-lands. Some of the simple rustics were quite agast on the occasion. The servants of the glebe were astounded, as the officer of the law proceeded to make his inquisition. A crowd clustered round the grave—the spade was stuck into the earth—soon something was struck against—a discoloured cloth was next apparent; a deep groan of horror came from the standers-by—terrible revelations were expected. 'Take care, my good man, of the little unfortunate body,' said the coroner to the irreverent rustic, who was going to pitch the body on the ground. Gravity was on every countenance—all were excited, as the napkin was slowly unfolded—when, instead of the corpse of an unhappy child, was beheld a half-rotten shoulder of mutton!"

Mr. Owen Madden relates some curious anecdotes of the great popular preachers of Ireland. One which he records of the late amiable but eccentric St. Lawrence (son to the late Bishop of Cork) will a little surprise English churchmen.—

"He was once appointed to preach a charity sermon, at a well-known church in Dublin, on behalf of a popular institution. It was the first time he had ever preached in the metropolis, and amongst the clergy generally there was considerable anxiety to hear him. His friends were most anxious that he should appear to advantage, and that he should justify the reports which had preceded him from the south of Ireland. He was himself desirous to sustain his reputation, but took no uncommon pains about the matter, leaving it to the last to prepare his sermon. He arrived in Dublin two days before the time appointed for the sermon, and intended to spend the interval in preparation; but St. Lawrence's practice very often differed from his resolutions. Instead of passing the intervening days in study, he spent them in company; and joined a gay party—a very gay one—on the Saturday evening before the appointed day. It was precisely such a party as St. Lawrence rejoiced in. Gentlemen of 'the old school' were there, with droll tales of other times; wits were there, with buoyant spirits; jolly old college companions, and jovial blades. The mirth was great, and the jest passed with the wine-cup, and several of the small hours had chimed before the revellers broke up. One of the company really felt for St. Lawrence, and feared, not unreasonably, that he would belie all the hopes entertained of him in the pulpit. He called upon St. Lawrence the next day, and found him at a late breakfast. The visitor told St. Lawrence how the rest of the company had concluded the night, after he had left them. It seems that they had adjourned to a gambling-house, and that one of the parties, Major —, had been fleeced! At this St. Lawrence was much distressed, and he expressed real compunction for the way he had spent the night. He then begged to be left alone; and at the appointed hour St. Lawrence entered the pulpit, sad, weary, and depressed. He saw that the congregation expected a good sermon, and he recognized many a distinguished member of Trinity College, and many an old friend amongst the crowd. But what was his amazement at beholding four of his fellow-revellers of the previous night, seated side by side in a pew near the pulpit! The sight at once aroused his mind, and supplied him with a topic. St. Lawrence on that day preached from his heart, and gave eloquent utterance to the feelings of

compunction and sorrow which he felt to the core. He painted, in the most striking colours, the ruin and misery occasioned by loss of time, by opportunities wasted, and by great talents misapplied to trifles. He struck at the vice of gaming—a vice which at all times has been prevalent in Dublin; he then described the very scene which he had witnessed the previous night, and adding the fact of the withdrawal to the gaming-table (of which he had been informed previously), asked how could such persons expect to meet the judgment of the living God? Roused by the subject, he continued to speak with earnest force; and the picture of the ruined gambler, led to ruin by idleness and the craving for excitement, moved the major even to tears. 'Ah!' said St. Lawrence, afterwards, when some of his friends were congratulating him on the eloquence he had displayed, 'I was at first very nervous; the sight of so many of the big-wigs of the university dispirited me, but when I saw old Jack — shed tears, I knew that I had done well.' In truth, the presence of his fellow-revellers had saved him from failure. He confessed afterwards that he should have utterly failed, but for the train of ideas suggested by their presence."

An entire chapter is devoted to reminiscences of O'Connell—who is manifestly no great favourite with Mr. Owen Madden; and another to Gerard Callagan's contests for the representation of Cork,—memorable chiefly for having produced the most amusing and most caustic election squibs with which we are acquainted. Miscellaneous, however, as the contents of the volume are, they go far to prove the lesson which he and the writer of the 'Sketches' seem equally anxious to impress upon their countrymen:—that to increase of intercourse between England and Ireland the latter country has been indebted for a great refinement in the manners of the gentry and a sensible amelioration of the condition of the peasantry. Mr. Owen Madden announces that he is preparing for publication a 'History of Ireland since the Union:—should it be executed in the impartial spirit and with the statesmanlike views displayed in the 'Revelations,' it will be a valuable acquisition to our literature.

The Discovery of the Large, Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana, with a Relation of the Great and Golden City of Manoa (which the Spaniards call El Dorado), &c.; performed in the Year 1595, by Sir W. Raleigh, Knt. Reprinted from the Edition of 1596, with some unpublished Documents relative to that Country. Edited, with copious Explanatory Notes and a Biographical Memoir, by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk. Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

THE name of Sir Walter Raleigh is one of the most renowned and attractive in English history. Though, like that of too many other heroes, his ambition was contaminated by the admixture of selfish and sometimes vicious motives, there is yet much to admire in his life and writings; and the cool bravery of the high-bred cavalier which distinguished his life and illustrated his death wins the judgment away from that strict severity with which it might otherwise have measured the faults of his character. He has claims, too, to his country's gratitude, as the founder of our colonies—an eminent promoter of distant commerce—an improver of naval architecture—and the disseminator, if not the introducer, of two important articles of subsistence and luxury.

It was, our readers know, with pleasure that we heard that the Council of the Hakluyt Society had obtained the services of Sir Robert Schomburgk to edit a reprint of the work before us. We doubted not that he would assist in redeeming Sir Walter Raleigh from the charges of falsehood and exaggeration that have been brought against him in reference to his account

of Guiana. Hume has stigmatized it as "a production full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind." It would have been difficult to find any one so well qualified authoritatively to refute these assertions as Sir Robert Schomburgk; who, to acquaintance with all works treating of the country under consideration, adds a personal knowledge of Guiana acquired by many years of toilsome wandering through its forests. Accordingly, we have here copious and instructive notes explaining the text;—which, though written in that nervous style of which Raleigh was so great a master, is deficient in method and coherency. He says himself that "he had studied neither phrase, form, nor fashion in its composition;" and he therefore stands more in need of a careful editor than writers more keenly alive to their own reputation would.

Sir R. Schomburgk has reproduced the text of 'The Discoverie of Gviana' from the edition of 1596—as his title-page states; and has scrupulously followed the ancient orthography excepting where a typographical error was evident.

It will be remembered that it was during Raleigh's exile from court that he matured his plan for exploring Guiana. He was probably led to this from a desire to recruit his scanty exchequer by the discovery of the auriferous regions of the El Dorado—the belief in which had spread with the rapidity of blind credulity from Spain throughout Europe. In his Introduction, Sir Robert Schomburgk says:—

"We cannot now discern, through the veil which the lapse of centuries has spread over the events of those days, whether Raleigh fully shared in the common belief; he however possessed too much sagacity, with the failure of his Virginian project still fresh upon his mind, to suppose that any anticipated advantages from the settlement of a colony for the production of sugar, ginger, tobacco and other merchandize, would tempt adventurers to share in the danger and expense. He therefore devised his famous voyage in search of El Dorado, and after his return published the work, a new edition of which is now presented to the reader. Wonderful and surprising as the various events and actions in Raleigh's life had hitherto been, his 'Discoverie of Gviana' may be said to have formed their climax; but although it conferred upon him greater fame than any of his former exploits, the statements which he advanced in it reflected more doubt upon his veracity 'than all the other questionable acts of his varied life put together.' * * * Our desire is that the reader should peruse the pages of this work, without considering Raleigh as the gratuitous inventor of statements, which we, with the advantage that two centuries and a half have given us, now regard with a smile."

It should be borne in mind that the marvellous discoveries of the Spaniards in America had been already of a nature to bewilder the most stoical philosopher of the age in which they were made. The El Dorado was little more difficult of belief than some of the wonders actually seen and faithfully narrated by the conquerors; and great allowance is to be made for those living at a period uninstructed by our science and undisciplined by our researches. The golden fable seems to have had its origin in the rumour that a sovereign prince living in a country which abounded with gold appeared on public and state occasions with his body sprinkled with gold-dust,—whence he was styled El Dorado, a title afterwards applied to the whole region. Raleigh, there is little doubt, believed in the existence of a district whose gold-covered capital was built on the shores of a vast lake, and whose rocks indicated a marvellous abundance of the precious metals. The emperor of this realm was supposed to live in the midst of gold—the very trees and flowers

in his garden being made of the precious metal. Raleigh, in allusion to this, observes:—

"Nowe although these reportes may seeme strange, yet if wee consider the many millions which are daily brought out of Peru into Spaine, wee may easely beleue the same, for wee finde that by the abundant treasure of that country, the Spanish King vexeeth all the Princes of Europe, and is become in a few years from a poore king of Castile the greatest monarke of this part of the world, and likelie every day to increase, if other Princes forsloe the good occasions offered, and suffer him to adde this Empire to the rest, which by farre exceedeth all the rest: if his golde now indaunger vs, hee will then be vnresistable."

The desire to humble the Spaniards, and to extend English industry and commerce by annexing to the Crown a region which, besides the great colonial recommendations, would enable it to command the chief possessions of its greatest enemy and those from which his principal resources were derived, presented another strong temptation to Raleigh's adventurous spirit. This carried him through sufferings and toil of a fearful nature. The magnitude of his undertaking, he tells us, was kept a secret from his companions: "who else," says he,—

"woulde neuer haue bene brought to attempt the same: of which 600 miles I passed 400 leauing my shippes so farre from me at ancor in the sea, which was more of desire to performe that discovery, then of reason, especially hauing such poore and weake vessels to transport our selues in; for in the bottom of an old Gallego, which I caused to be fashioned like a Galley, and in one barge, two wheries, and a ship bote of the Lyons whelpe, we caried 100 persons and their victuals for a moneth in the same, being al driuen to lie in the raine and wether, in the open aire, in the burning sunne, and vpon the hard bords, and to dresse our meat and to carry al manner of furniture in them, wherewith they were so pestered and vsauery, that what with victuals being most fish, with the wette clothes of so many men thrust together and the heate of the sunne, I will vndertake there was neuer any prison in England that could be found more vsuauery and lothsome, especially to my selfe, who had for many yeares before bene dieted and cared for in a sort farre differing."

We cannot follow Raleigh throughout his course; but his account of the progress of the expedition through the labyrinthine rivers, until the boats at length emerged into the grand channel of the majestic Orinoco, is full of interest. After ascending the river until the rapid and great rise of its waters rendered further progress impossible, he retraced his steps under circumstances of great difficulty—and at last reached his ships in safety: "than which," says he, "there could be no more joyful occasion." His impression of Guiana is best told in his own words.—

"For the rest, which my selfe have seene I will promise these things that follow and knowe to be true. Those that are desirous to discover and see many nations, may be satisfied within this riuier, which bringeth forth so many armes and branches leading to severall countries, and provinces, aboue 2000 miles east and west, and 300 miles south and north: and of these, the most eyther rich in Gold, or in other marchandizes. The common soldier shal here fight for gold, and pay himselfe in steede of pence, with plates of halfe a foote brode, whereas he breaketh his bones in other warres for prouant and penury. Those commanders and Chieftaines, that shoote at honour, and abundance, shal find there more rich and bewtiful cities, more temples adorned with golden Images, more sepulchers filled with treasure, than either Cortez found in Mexico, or Pazzaro in Peru: and the shining glorie of this conquest will eclipse all those so farre extended beames of the Spanish nation. There is no country which yeeldeth more pleasure to the Inhabitants, either for these common delights of hunting, hawking, fishing, fowling, and the rest, then Guiana doth. It hath so many plaines, cleare riuers, abundance of Phesants, Partridges, Qualles, Rayles, Cranes, Herons, and all other fowle: Deare

of all sortes, Porkes, Hares, Lyons, Tygers, Leopards, and diuers other sortes of beastes, eyther for chace, or foode. It hath a kinde of beast called Cama, or Anta, as bigge as an English beefe, and in grente plenty. To speake of the seuerall sortes of every kinde, I feare woulde be troublesome to the Reader, and therefore I will omitte them, and conclude that both for health, good ayre, pleasure, and riches, I am resolu'd it cannot bee equalled by any region eyther in the east or west. Moreouer the country is so healthfull, as 100 persons and more, which lay (without shift most sluttishly, and were every day almost melted with heat in rowing and marching, and suddenly wet againe with great showers, and did eate of all sortes of corrupt fruits, and made meales of fresh fish without seasoning, of Tortugas, of Lagartos, and of al sortes good and bad, without either order or measure, and besides lodged in the open ayre every night) we lost not any one, nor had one ill disposed to my knowledge, nor found anie Callentura, or other of those pestilent diseases which dwell in all hote regions, and so nere the Equinoctiall line."

Sir Robert Schomburgk has printed, in an Appendix, a manuscript, belonging to the Sloane Collection in the Library of the British Museum, bearing the simple title 'Of the Voyage to Guiana,'—which he unhesitatingly pronounces to have been the work of Raleigh. It was written after his expedition to Guiana,—and has for its main object the annexation of that country to England. The writer argues, that with the assistance of the Indians whom he proposed to arm, and a small force of four or five hundred men from England, the conquest, or rather annexation, might be speedily effected; and he maintains further that such an expedition would keep the Spaniards and their trans-Atlantic possessions so occupied that "they would not hastily threaten us with any more of their invincible navies."

Raleigh's plans were coldly received,—but he still maintained his views. His imprisonment in the Tower for a time prevented his carrying them out; but on his liberation, in March 1615, he made preparations for a second voyage. The Journal of this second voyage, as it exists in the British Museum, is printed in the Appendix to this volume; and though frequently consisting of a dry enumeration of courses made and distances sailed, contains much curious matter. The death of Raleigh's son—who fell in an attack on Santo Thomé, on the Orinoco—and the failure of his plans, caused him to return to England; where, as is well known, he was immediately arrested, and shortly after hurried to the scaffold.

We cannot take leave of this interesting volume without congratulating the Hakluyt Society on having, with the assistance of Sir Robert Schomburgk, produced a publication fully entitled to take rank with the standard editions of our most celebrated voyages.

Notes on Herodotus, Original and Selected. By Dawson W. Turner, M.A. Oxford, Vincent. *Herodotus. A New and Literal Version from the Text of Baehr.* By Henry Cary, M.A. Bohn.

PERHAPS there is no single species of literary composition the perfect execution of which requires so rare a combination of talents as history. He who aspires to the rank of a classic historian should be a man of unwearied industry and inexhaustible patience. Without these qualifications it is not possible for him to become master of the mere matters of fact that must be known by even the simple chronicler—who is to the accomplished historian little more than the hodman is to the architect. He must turn over many a dusty folio, decipher many a manuscript, and wade through many a collection of letters, despatches, gazettes, state papers, and other literary lumber, merely to get his mate-

rials:—and then discretion is not less requisite in their selection than diligence was in their accumulation. Yet all this is but a preparatory process: the fusion of the heterogeneous elements into harmonious combination being the final artistic test of the great historian. He must so combine the results of his arduous toil into an organic whole as to preserve relative position and magnitude with a due regard to the laws of perspective and the delicacies of light and shade,—grouping together events and characters in such a way as to produce not merely a distinct, but a picturesque effect, and throwing over the whole a bright colouring and a healthy glow. The structure should have living energy as well as symmetry of form. In a word, the consummate historian should possess at once the analytic, the poetic, and the dramatic faculties. To these he must add a taste for abstract speculation,—be capable of comprehensive generalization, shrewd conjecture, profound reflection, and sound deduction. The true historian is at once a poet and a philosopher. All these combined qualifications, however, will fail to constitute a complete historian unless accompanied and ennobled by lofty moral qualities. First among these must be a devoted attachment to truth. For the attainment of this the writer must be prepared to make any sacrifice. He has to be on perpetual guard against the insinuating influence of his own prejudices, whether arising from education, external circumstance, or natural taste. He must be a lover of whatever is lovely—a defender of all that is great or good—wherever found. When requisites so great and multifarious are essentials of history, it is no matter of surprise that good histories are so few,—and that even the best fall far short of perfection.

If such be the qualities needful to the historian, it is obvious how valuable must be the lessons to be drawn from his works. He who is well versed in history truly written has the advantage of a man possessing centuries of experience, and of an observation bounded only by the limits of the habitable globe. All true philosophy is founded upon facts,—all real knowledge upon experience; and though knowledge does not include, or necessarily generate, wisdom, there can be no true wisdom which is not founded upon knowledge.

He who would reap the full benefit to be derived from the study of history cannot do better than begin with Herodotus—whom Cicero designated as the father of history. He is the earliest profane historian of any authority. Of himself little is known beyond what is contained in the meagre and unsatisfactory biography composed by Suidas. He was born at Halicarnassus 484 B.C.; and spent several years in travelling through Greece, Egypt, Asia, Scythia, Thrace, and Macedonia,—making inquiries, wherever he went, with a view to the assembling of materials for his work. This method of collection implies earnestness and a sense of the responsibility attaching to his vocation as historian. To what account he turned his numerous opportunities of personal observation is known to the diligent student of his entertaining researches—as he calls them in his opening sentence. It has been remarked, with some show of reason, that they do him great injustice who limit his titles to that of historian. He is an enterprising and observant traveller, a profound mythologist, a learned antiquary, and a good naturalist. His chronology is superior to every opposing system,—modern observations strikingly confirm the accuracy of his geographical descriptions,—and his accounts of dimensions and distances are acknowledged by competent authority to be more correct than those of later writers. The child-like simplicity,

easy flow, fascinating sweetness, and dramatic liveliness of his style are too well known to need more than a passing mention.

But how stands the account with regard to his veracity,—that quality of all others the most essential to the character of a really good historian—without which his eloquence and philosophy serve but to render him more dangerous to the reader? This has been the subject of dispute from very ancient times. Juvenal, in allusion to his account of the canal cut by Xerxes through Mount Athos, says, with a sneering incredulity, “*Velficatus Athos, et quicquid Græcia mendax audet in historia:*” and Mr. Richardson, one of the best modern authorities on such a point, confidently declares the story to be incredible—in which opinion others coincide. Thucydides, Plato, Isocrates, and Lysias, with Thirlwall and Count de Choiseul-Gouffier, favour the truth of the account. A considerable portion of the work of Herodotus, as is well known, consists of palpable fiction in the shape of mythological fables, romantic legends, and absurd tales told by Egyptian priests. But his fidelity as a historian is not really affected by these,—since most of the stories which he relates are accompanied by the express declaration that they are presented to the reader just as he received them from his informants. Not only does he not vouch for their truth,—but he not unfrequently gives a pretty distinct intimation of his own disbelief or doubt. A more formidable difficulty is presented by the minuteness with which Herodotus describes the events of a remote antiquity. We can scarcely suppose, for example, that the conversations which he reports between Candaules and Gyges, and between Astyages and Harpagus, were either to be found written at such a detailed length in any trustworthy records to which he could get access, or handed down by tradition with all the particulars that he has given.

Plutarch, a contemporary with Juvenal, in a treatise on the malignity of Herodotus, directly charges him with falsifying his history from unworthy motives:—Dion Chrysostomus, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and others bring similar accusations against him. There certainly are instances in which he indulges in such exaggeration—evidently not without an object—as staggers the belief of even the most confiding reader. In illustration, we may mention his account of the Persian expedition under Xerxes; where, in order to convey a high idea of the number of the army, he tells us that rivers failed to supply them with a sufficiency of water—that preparations were made for their entertainment many months before their arrival in Thrace, and on so large a scale as to reduce the inhabitants to the greatest distress and compel them to abandon their homes,—and that Antipater, who was chosen to be their host, estimated the cost of a single supper at four hundred talents, which, reckoning the talent at 243*l.* 15*s.*, would amount to 97,500*l.* This monstrous exaggeration is but too evidently intended to enhance the valour of the Greeks in conquering so numerous a force. The way, too, in which the historian sets forth the vain self-confidence of Xerxes in his conversation with Demaratus, and the encomiums of the latter upon the Spartans, can hardly be attributed to anything but national prejudice and a wish to flatter the vanity of his countrymen—even though, with Dahlmann, we reject the common story of his having recited portions of his history at the Olympic games and the Panthenaic festival.—About eighty years ago the reputation for veracity of Herodotus was very low; but the observations of travellers and the researches of scholars have since so far vindicated his character that he is now considered

to be in the main a faithful historian, and his statements are received by the learned with implicit confidence whenever made on his own authority. With all his faults, he is fairly entitled to the credit of being among the first of historical writers in point of merit as well as the first in the order of time.

The notes in Mr. Turner's work are composed of selections from other works, duly acknowledged,—together with observations of his own suggested by long study and experience. Both portions are excellent. Sound discretion is shown in the choice which he has made from the stores accumulated by the labours of others; while his own remarks are judicious, his explanations valuable, and his renderings correct. He might have made the book yet more serviceable to university students and the higher forms in schools if he had interspersed a larger proportion of critical and exegetical observations.

It would be an insufficient compliment to Mr. Cary to pronounce his translation decidedly superior to all its predecessors. Rather let us say, it is a correct transcript of the original,—reflecting on some occasions its peculiar beauties of style, and always accurately expressing the meaning of Herodotus in words as nearly corresponding to his own as the idiom of our language will permit. It puts the unlearned reader in as favourable a position as possible for the profitable study of the father of history.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Memoirs of a Physician. By A. Dumas. Vol. III.—*The Two Marguerites.* By Madame Charles Reybaud.—These tales form volume the sixteenth of that wonderful publication 'The ParLOUR Library.' Whether or not M. Dumas still manages to keep his atelier open, in the midst of the "jar of elements" at Paris, we do not know. It may be opined, however, that the 'Memoirs of a Physician' is among the last of its race. So let it be! Hideous coups de théâtre close this novel,—but they were to be foreseen. Clairvoyance, the elixir of life, the secret conspiracies of the Secret Societies, and the profligacy of the last days of Louis Quinze, are ingredients which a Dumas and his myrmidons could not possibly stir without a

Mixture thick and slab

being the final result, repulsive enough to disgust even a Meinhold's taste for probing horrors. Well did Goethe (himself not innocent of the Literature of Doubt) call this the "Literature of Despair." We wait impatiently for the Literature of Progress from our neighbours. To return, however.—Though the last volume of these 'Memoirs,' besides its charnel-house taint, is objectionably chargeable with signs of haste, change of purpose, invention constrained by the *"attendu"* of the *Bridaisons* of the Law Courts, &c. &c.—it contains also scenes not to be matched out of the Dumas factory. The appearance of Rousseau, dusty, unkempt and unshaven, at the Trianon rehearsal of his own opera,—and the magical influence exerted over him by the luxuries and refinements of that enchanted region—make a scene of quiet comedy, true to universal nature, and bright enough to match the never-to-be-forgotten skirmish between Dubarry and her Court-godmother, the Comtesse de Béarn, in the first volume. Since these novels are works of manufacture, not Art, there can be no offence in pointing out that some hand can come might by concentration and omission, make a first-class romance out of the 'Memoirs.'—Madame Reybaud's *novellette*, translated by way of filling up the volume, though weaker than her 'Cadet des Colobrières,' must be praised for its grace, truth, and wholesomeness, if not fashionable, moral. In the face of those who declare that garret birth and kennel breeding call forth all the graces and poetry of the human creature, that the illiterate are more instructive than the learned and the uncouth more elegant than the conventionally refined,—she dares to show us a young enthusiast in love with two Marguerites; and to tell us how (from inevitable and simple consequence) the Daisy of the Field, for whom he had rejected the Daisy of the Garden, disappoints—nay, absolutely partakes sufficiently of the clod to reject—him. **MUST**

we add that in admissions and illustrations such as this tale contains, lies the strongest incentive which can be offered to brotherly love and mutual forbearance?

Philip of Lætitia; or, the Revolution of 1789. An Historical Romance. Illustrated on Steel by Robert Cruikshank. Being the last series of 'The Chronicles of the Bastille,' by L. A. Chamerovzow. So soon as the second French Revolution shall be "tapped," the first, we hope, will be allowed to repose for a while, untouched by romancers—since, indeed, they have already ransacked its treasury of scenes somewhat remorselessly. Thus, we are willing to accept M. Chamerovzow's romance as the last of its family,—while we are not sorry that the list should be closed by a tale so clever. The reader must not require from us a specification of the main incidents, nor a list of the *dramatis personæ*. The name of the author will have apprized him that in this last visit to "the Bastille" he has for *cicerone* another of those extraordinary foreigners who,—like Signor Llanos, Don Telesforo de Trueba, Signori Mariotti, Mazzini, &c. &c.—have mastered our language so as to be able to write it with a fluency and an elegance which some of our Englishmen would do well to assume as a native virtue. We cannot any more than on former occasions admire Mr. Robert Cruikshank's illustrations:—which have the somewhat rare quality of being at once stiff and melodramatic.

Northwood: the Friendship of a Jesuit.—It is useless to deal further with books of this class, whose authors seem to be touched neither by modesty nor by a sense of responsibility—to be alike impenetrable by reason and by Christian charity. Henceforward, we shall do little more than transcribe the titles of the so-called religious novels.

Memoirs of Louis Philippe.—"A Student of the Middle Temple" has thought it worth his while to translate the vague and not very trustworthy panygmic on the late king of the French published by M. Boutmy when Louis Philippe had the power of rewarding flatterers. To this the Student has added about the worst account of the Revolution of February which it has been our fortune to meet. To say anything more of such a compilation would be a mere waste of words.

Real Life in India. By an Old Resident.—Notwithstanding that the title-page of this little volume states it to be the production of "an old resident," the preface acknowledges it to be a compilation. It aims at being a sort of superior guide-book, and tolerably well answers the end; embracing—as the supplementary title runs—a view of the requirements of individuals appointed to any branch of the Indian public service—the methods of proceeding to India—and the course of life in different parts of that country. We do not think that information of this nature is quite so difficult to obtain as the "old resident" asserts—and that here given, though probably correct so far as it goes, is neither full nor satisfactory. The little volume is, however, cheap and portable,—and these are not unimportant advantages. Where larger works cannot be had, its brief notes may be found servicable.

Some Passages from Modern History. By the Author of 'Letters to my Unknown Friends.'—Books of passages from literature or history are usually made on plans which have little intelligibility except perhaps to the manipulator; and the one before us is no exception to the rule. The 'Passages' rendered in it are:—Catherine at the Battle of the Purth—the Death of Sir Philip Sydney—Some Passages from "La Rentière Glorieuse"—Maria Theresa at Presburg—the English Column at Fontenay—the Rainbow at Prague—the Death of Gustavus Adolphus—and a few others of like miscellaneous character;—the general tendency, however, being to the tragic and the military. The writer has an idea that the presentment of these pictures may exert a moral influence; but this, we apprehend, can only be in the sense that all true renderings of history have an ethical significance,—and for the rest, we question the wisdom of rendering historical scenes apart from those precedents and consequents the knowledge of which can alone give them their true value as revelations of experience. Otherwise, these particular passages seem to be compiled with care and smoothly written.

countries near which they occurred;—but of the great Deluge itself traces are abundant in the legends and traditions of all nations which surround the seat of the suggested flood. Do they occur in distant, isolated races? I think not. In the North of Europe we have the Scandinavian mythology without any allusion whatever to a deluge. A myth in the Prose Edda (Gefjon's Ploughing) records the partition of Zealand from the main land,—and that is all. If we travel eastward beyond the Caspian, we find in the mythology of the Chinese no trace whatever of an universal flood.* Nor am I aware of any race remote from the Mediterranean shores whose legends tend to contradict the impression which the above statements are calculated to produce. It is only out of ocean islands that distant traditions of an universal flood are brought to us,—and these may be supposed to originate in the convulsions to which they have themselves been subject; for in their eyes, as in the eyes of the survivors from the Mosaic Deluge, the submersion of the whole earth known to them was of course one with the submersion of the globe. Moreover, in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans not a few islands are likely to be peopled by the descendants of some Tyrian crew driven to sea and wrecked upon their coasts. The natives of such islands would then preserve partly the traditions of a race acquainted with all the nations around the Mediterranean, and sometimes, as in the time of Solomon, trading in concert with the Jews.

The above remarks, I would observe, *prove* nothing;—but if they make out a fair case for inquiry, there are among your readers not a few who are quite capable of either proving or disproving the correctness of the idea on which they have been founded.

I am, &c. H. M.

THE LANDSCAPE.

I see the hill side black behind
Green trees in sunny rows;
The dinting footsteps of the wind
That o'er the grass-land goes.
Never comes let or hindrance here,—
Nature good watch doth keep;
Or grant she slumbers, bend thine ear,
She singeth in her sleep!

At least she breathes:—and Nature's breath
Is music to her lovers!
To us alone she speaks—and saith
That she our love discovers.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

As the building for the Museum of Economic Geology—for which our readers know that 30,000*l.* of the public money was voted some years ago, and for which an excellent site has been found in Piccadilly—is now approaching to a state of completion, it is fit that we should renew our hint as to the propriety of finding a lodging for the Geological Society within its walls. The reasonableness of such a measure is so obvious, that it should scarcely need our suggestion—and certainly demands no argument for its enforcement. Here is especially a case in which the means of combining and economizing scientific resources, so often urged by us, present themselves on the very face of the matter. To say nothing of mere rent, such neighbourhood is of importance as enabling the Society to carry on its labours in connexion with the officers of the Government establishment and placing the resources of the museum and library at its disposal. But why, besides, as we have already asked, should the Government, which houses the Society already, rent two separate homes for geology—exaggerating in this case that non-association of things that are like, of which we have so often complained as waste, into the actual separation of things that are identical? All this seems so clear, that we will assume that the union in question is a part of the Government intention. If it be not, we hope the matter will be taken up by some one skilled in

* The great drainage of marshes caused by a previous flood, said to have been effected by Yu before he was made Emperor, probably followed in the wake of that great disturbance which brought water over the space now called the Yellow Sea. This deluge is often identified with that described by Moses; but it appears to have been confined to a portion of the eastern territory,—and occurs in, but does not interrupt, the course of tradition.

talking reason to governments and furnished with influence enough to operate changes in their intentions.

The annual dinner in aid of the funds of King's College Hospital took place on Wednesday evening, at the London Tavern—the Lord Mayor presiding; when subscriptions amounting to 2,000*l.* were collected.—On Tuesday and Wednesday last, what is called “a grand fancy sale” took place in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, in aid of the funds for the erection of an asylum for aged governesses—which was very fully attended. Our readers know well our opinion on the subject of these “fancy fairs;” which affect philanthropy towards one part of the community at the cost of another—put one of the highest practical virtues on the lowest possible grounds—encourage much that is vicious in feeling in the name of what is holy in sentiment—perform their charities ostentatiously that they may not fail to “find them fame”—and dishonour even the good they do by the false pretence. Such scenes are, in every way, bad schools of morals—at which we have no pleasure in seeing the young females of England. But the object in the present case was so good in itself, that we are not inclined here to urge our objections again at further length.—As a set-off, we have pleasure in recording that a public meeting was held on Wednesday last, in Willis's Rooms, for the purpose of founding a benevolent institution for the relief of dressmakers and milliners—who to some extent may probably have suffered by the governesses. Luckily, Fashion is among the powers at length enlisted in the cause of the poor dressmaker; and, better still, the large houses in the trade which principally supports her are converts to the humanities in her behalf—as appeared from the list of handsome donations, to their honour, subscribed by these. An attempt was made to reach the conscience of Majesty, too:—an address having been presented to Lord Ashley from a body of milliners, soliciting his Lordship's influence with the Queen in obtaining support for the profession and a share of the Royal patronage at present bestowed on the foreigner. The milliners, it will be seen, are less exacting than the Cowells of the drama:—they have not demanded the *expulsion* of the Continental dressmakers.

A correspondent, who signs himself “Oxoniensis,” writes to us to complain once more of the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical History Society. “It would be conferring,” he says, “a great kindness on the subscribers to that Society if you would, by a few weighty observations, stir up the sleepy and dilatory committee. They promised to issue four volumes a-year. The subscription for the second year was paid three months since,—and yet only two volumes for the first year have yet appeared. One of these volumes has been proved to be defective.”

A worthy French contemporary, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has a word or two on our review of M. Libri's pamphlet [see ante, p. 527]. Coinciding entirely in our conclusion that M. Libri has most triumphantly vindicated himself, and learning as much as could, all things considered, be expected to our assertion that the publishers of the *Report* against that gentleman have a *prima facie* case against themselves, our contemporary, nevertheless, cannot admit as well grounded our insinuations against M. Arago. To this word we object. Our readers will remember that we stated most explicitly how the case lay, against whom, and on what grounds: they will also remember that the deep feeling of legal propriety on which the article that we now quote compliments our national character—and of which we hope we have our share—led us to lay everything affecting M. Arago and his colleagues only as the indictment to which they must now answer—and as conditional on the effect which their answer may produce. The difference between us and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is this:—the latter, rejecting our suspicions, pleases itself by thinking (*àime à croire*) that M. Arago will remember the time when he visited M. Libri at Florence; we shall feel gratified when M. Arago either meets the case against him, or recalls to mind that redress is due to every one whom he has wronged, whether he has formerly visited the injured person at Florence or not.

Mr. Emerson, the lecturer from Massachusetts, is delivering a course of three lectures at Exeter Hall, the proceeds of which are to go in aid of the early-

closing movement. This is a movement peculiarly marked with the character of the times,—one of whose grand distinctions it is to have at length recognized the general and unperpetrated man as something more than a mere machine out of which it is social economy to get all possible working power. It is a truth which evaded the “wisdom” of many worthy men among “our ancestors,” now—to the world's great gain—gone to their graves, that behind the counter and in the workshop throbbed human hearts, and that the men who measure tape and weigh sugar and ply the needle had intellects—not to speak it profanely—as worthy of cultivation as their own. As for the good of the world, so is it for their own, that these excellent persons have taken refuge from the doctrines now walking the earth in the shadow of their immemorial escutcheons; for, what they would have done abroad in a world of reading shophmen and mechanics—of toil, like “leisure,” taking its pleasure “in trim gardens,” &c., we know not. The dangerous doctrine that mind is *not* the incident of rank would have greatly troubled their digestion. The lights of these revolutionary times would have been too strong for their vision. To the honour of that class of believers, however,—who have left here and there a single survivor to represent them at the court of the “coming man” and haunt the new era like an anachronism—it should be recorded that they bore their faculties meekly; exercising their prerogative of thought as little as might be, and not much intruding the wisdom which, like their old parchments, grew musty for want of air. But the day of monopolies is passing away. The franchise of thought is made universal.—and the Early-closing Association purposes to help the busy population of the metropolis to the means of exercising it. For their objects Mr. Emerson lectured yesterday on ‘Napoleon’; and will lecture on Wednesday next on ‘Domestic Life,’ and on Saturday on ‘Shakspeare,’—a daring thinker even in the day of privilege.

The obituary of the *Birmingham Journal* records the death of James Watt, Esq., the last surviving son of the illustrious improver of the steam-engine, in his 80th year. His name will long be remembered in association with that of the late Mr. Boulton; as they were for nearly half a century successfully engaged in carrying out those inventions and improvements by which the genius of his father was immortalized.

The Washington library of which we have spoken more than once continues to be a subject of interest and discussion in America—and will not probably reach England, after all. The price set on it by Mr. Stevens is 4,500 dollars; and this sum, with incidental expenses raising it to 5,000 dollars, it is proposed to raise in America by a hundred shares of 50 dollars each—the subscribers to determine, when the purchase shall be completed, in what Institution, and on what conditions, the books shall be deposited. As a temptation to subscribers, the following analysis of the contents of the library is circulated.—

Account of Books in the Collection.

- 240 volumes with Washington's autograph, except a very few which contain Mrs. Washington's. In many of the volumes is his book-plate also, with the motto, *Erutus acta probat*.
- 15 with book-plate alone.
- 37 volumes, presentation copies, without Washington's autograph.
- 61 without autograph or book-plate, but from their character and appearance probably Washington's.
- 1 with three autographs of his father, Augustine Washington.
- 374
- 58 with the autograph of Bushrod Washington, or (a few) with that of William Augustine Washington.
- 10 with Richard Henry Lee's autograph.
- 1 with Timothy Pickens's autograph.
- 1 with Daniel Jenifer's autograph.

444 volumes.

These particulars we find in the *Boston Courier*: but the *Literary World* avers that the library has been already purchased, under the restriction that it shall not be scattered,—and that its present owner is now in treaty, or has completed his arrangements, for transferring it to the library of Harvard College, where it will be preserved in a room set apart for that particular purpose.

A lady has invented an amusing toy—an ingenious “*Sic itur ad astra*.” It is called by her the *Astrorama*; and is a parasol which opens, and presents a host of

little holes that at first sight seem devices for letting in the sun and rain. Further examination shows, however, that these are the "starry host"—and that the parabol is "the spacious firmament on high, with all the [pale] blue [silk] ethereal sky." The constellations are drawn and named—not always quite canonically. We doubt if proof sheets were sent; for *Cappet Medusa*, *Argo Navis*, &c. are decided heterographies. A plumb line hangs down, which when brought to the lower edge of the silk shows that the axis of the heavens—which, saving all your presences! is the parabol-stick—is rightly inclined. Looking at the stars from a point so near to them strains the eyes a little. We do not see any advantage which this instrument of teaching has over the "globe" when accompanied by a little explanation. But there is ingenuity here, and material for amusement—accompanied by something of illustration. It may be argued that a parabol intended to keep out the sun ought, by philosophic analogy, to show the stars:—how otherwise is it certain that the sun is kept out? Though it spoils the metre, we feel that we convey our opinion, by altering a line of Halley upon Newton into

Nec fas est proplius parasolis attingere cælum.

As we have already pointed out certain prophecies which have come under our notice prefiguring, or supposed to prefigure, some of the remarkable events of the present remarkable year, we may add the following, furnished by a correspondent—and leave our readers to make the most of it. "In 1701," says our authority, "Robert Fleming, a Scottish minister, published his 'Discourses on the Rise and Fall of Papacy'; and therein he foretold that about 1794 the Bourbon dynasty would receive a severe shock and be expelled from France—it would afterwards be restored for 16 years—and in 1848 would be finally banished. Mr. Swanston, the eminent Chancery counsel, in an argument reported in the *Times*, was the first, I believe, to point out this remarkable passage. The book was much in request in 1794 in consequence of the fulfilment of that part of the prophecy,—and though now very scarce, a copy is at the disposal of readers in the British Museum."

Our readers are aware how earnestly we have exposed from time to time the abuses which have crept into the management of our public grammar schools,—and pressed the subject on the attention of the legislature. A week or two since, we asked if no reformer in the people's parliament could find time to look into these neglected charities:—since then an honourable Member has brought the matter before the House, and elicited from the Home Secretary a confession of the necessity for a general measure of reform. Sir George Grey refused to promise to bring forward any bill on the subject during the present session; but as he acknowledges that it demands an early and serious attention on the part of Government, there is some hope that another year will not be allowed to pass by without something effectual being done to put an end to the present inefficiency of such educational institutions. Meanwhile, every day brings new evidence of the necessity that exists for a general inquiry into the past and present circumstances of these ancient foundations. The parishioners of Lewisham, as we learn from a correspondent in the *Daily News*, are bestirring themselves to reform the condition of the grammar school there. It was founded and endowed by a clergyman, Abraham Colfe, for the instruction of poor youths; but the funds have almost ceased to be applied to the purpose originally contemplated, and the school languishes for want of that support which would accrue to it from their legitimate disposal. In this case, the master of the school, the Rev. Dr. Prendergast, takes the lead in the movement for a reform of the institution. In a letter to the vestry of Lewisham, he says:—

The grammar school is not maintained either according to the will of the founder, or according to the act of Parliament, the proper masters not being appointed and proper salaries not being paid, nor indeed has any salary at all been paid for the last two years. Of the Act, 16th Charles II., which was not produced to the Charity Commissioners, I have caused several copies to be taken and circulated. It is quite impossible to read the will of Abraham Colfe, the Act of Parliament, and the evidence given before the Commissioners of Charities, without feeling fully assured that the 'Leathersellers' Company have abundant means to establish and sustain a school much larger than that contemplated by the founder, and which might not only be a great benefit to the neighbourhood itself, but situate as it is on the verge of three large

parishes, might be made to exercise a beneficial influence on the lower schools for the poor, by proposing the advantage of a superior education to such boys in them as might be observable for intelligence and orderly conduct. Perhaps I may add that I have always taken care that the persons intended to be benefited should suffer as little as possible from the unfaithfulness of the trustees. On my appointment there were only two boys freely instructed; the number very shortly increased, and has always been considerable. I send you the names of forty-two boys who are now receiving a liberal education, entirely freely to them, but at an expense to myself which I cannot be required to incur, or fairly expected to incur, and need not incur, if the funds of the charity were duly administered.

This should not be suffered,—and as the Government has announced its inability to attend to these matters for the present, the local vestry would do wisely in itself instituting a searching inquiry, and making all the facts known to the public.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission from Eight o'clock till Seven, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and Deceased British Artists, is OPEN Daily from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper. THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PALL MALL. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT AETNA. NEW EXHIBITION at the DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, representing MOUNT AETNA, in SICILY, under three aspects: Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption; and the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S at VENICE, with two effects—Day and Night. During the latter, the Grand Machine Organ will perform. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 2s.; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—First Exhibition of Important and Novel Experiments in ELECTRICITY, by ISHAM BAGGS, Esq., illustrating the PHENOMENA OF THUNDERSTORMS and the CAUSE OF LIGHTNING, in a Series of Lectures, on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at Two o'clock, and in the EVENINGS OF TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at Nine o'clock. Popular Lectures by Dr. RYAN and Dr. SACHS. —Dramatic Effects are exhibited in the New Dissolving Views, which, with the Chromatrope and Microscope, are shown on the large Disc. Experiments with the Diver and Diving Bell. New Machinery and Models described.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.—The New Catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—June 14.—Sir H. T. De la Beche in the chair.—The following papers were read:—1. 'Notice of Organic Remains recently found in the Wealden Formation,' by Dr. G. A. Mantell.—2. 'On the Position and General Characters of the Strata exhibited in the Coast Section from Christchurch Harbour to Poole Harbour,' by J. Prestwich, jun. Esq.—3. 'On the nature and causes of Slaty Cleavage as seen in the Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland,' by D. Sharpe, Esq.—4. 'Notices of Ireborough Cave, in Clapdale,' by J. W. Farrer, Esq.—5. 'On the Geological Structure of Western Australia,' by Dr. Von Sommer.—6. 'Notes on the Souffrière of St. Vincent,' by Major H. Davis.—7. 'Description of Fossil Corals from the Greensand of Atherfield,' by W. Lonsdale, Esq.

The Society, then, adjourned till November.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 9.—J. Field, Esq. President, in the chair.—'Observations on the Causes that are in constant operation tending to alter the Outline of the Coasts of Great Britain, to affect the Entrances of Rivers and Harbours, and to form Shoals and Deepes in the Bed of the Sea,' by Mr. J. T. Harrison. After noticing the gradual deterioration which the harbours of Great Britain are undergoing, the paper gave as the causes of these effects—the action of fresh water, of the tidal wave, the wind waves and springs, and atmospheric changes—dwelling principally upon the tidal and wind waves. Prof. Airy's and Mr. Scott Russell's views on the positive wave of translation (first order) and the oscillating wave (second order) were examined: the peculiarity of the former being, that the motion of the whole mass of the water was in the same direction as that of the wave itself,—whilst in the latter, the motion of the water was alternately opposed to and in the direction of the wave. The tidal wave was considered as a purely oscillating wave in the open sea, changing its character as it passed into shallow water. It was supposed that a wave of the first order was generated whenever the water, heaped up by a projecting headland, passed and made its escape into the adjoining water at a lower level, and that it carried with it gravel and shingle into mid-

channel. The regularity of the bottom of the English Channel and the material of which it is composed were instanced to prove that the bottom is now in progress of formation from the aqueous action of this deposition of matter. The effects of the tidal wave along the coasts at Poole and in the Isle of Wight were given, to show that such a wave of translation was generated and crossed the Channel from the Département de la Manche. The results of a series of experiments upon the action of waves on transportable material showed that certain definite forms were assumed by sand or shingle under given circumstances. For instance, that the depth of the end of the foreshore below the water depended upon the size and character of the wave acting upon it. It was urged that the end of such a foreshore was to be found, at ninety or a hundred fathoms under water, stretching from Ushant to the south-west coast of Ireland; and that the tidal wave in its progress up the Channel drew down to the mouth the material thrown into it by the waves of translation from the headlands. The accumulative action was seen in the carriage of sand through the Straits of Dover to be deposited on the sand banks of the North Sea. Referring to Mr. Palmer's paper 'On Shingle Beaches,' the destructive accumulative and progressive actions of the wind waves were considered. The cases most favourable for the display of the effective action of each were adduced. The influence of tides by varying the height of the water, and that of an onshore wind in facilitating the destructive action by retaining the water at a higher level, were pointed out. A flat foreshore was shown to prevent in a great degree the destructive action; whilst, on the other hand, deep water, whether from a strong inshore tidal current or from other causes, had a contrary effect, facilitating encroachments on the coast. The progressive action was shown to depend principally upon the angle at which the waves strike the beach. The general question of the travelling of shingle and of its ultimate destination was considered at great length,—the accumulation of shingle at the Chesil Bank and Dungeness being particularly instanced. The state of the great western bay between the Start Point and Portland was examined; and arguments were offered to show that it had been formed in a great measure by the encroachment of the sea. The process of this encroachment and the alterations in the mouths of the estuaries falling into the Bay were analyzed; and extracts were given from Sir H. de la Beche's work on the Geology of Devon and Cornwall to prove that this process was still in operation. The summary of the arguments in the paper was that the observed changes in our coasts and at the mouths of the rivers were the result of the combined action of the wind waves and of the tidal waves; and the attention of engineers was particularly directed to these actions in different localities, in order that by presenting to the Institution the result of their observations an invaluable collection of recorded facts might be assembled.

May 16.—J. Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—No paper was read,—in order to afford time for the discussion of Mr. Gooch's paper 'On the Resistance to Railway Trains at different Velocities,' which was read at the Meeting of April 18. The principal speakers were Messrs. Brunel, Gooch, Bidder, Locke, Harding, and Russell; and their arguments were necessarily so complicated by calculation as to render it difficult to convey within reasonable limits even an outline of the discussion.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—June 2.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Mr. Scott Russell, 'On the Wave Principle applied to the Construction of Ships.' Mr. Scott Russell's object was—first, to explain a theory of naval construction of which he is the author; secondly, to connect with that theory practical rules for the construction of ships; and, finally, to state the results which have followed the adoption of the form resulting from this principle,—by the general adoption of which the velocity of merchant steam-ships has, within twelve or fifteen years, been raised from an average of nine or ten miles to an already achieved speed of seventeen or eighteen miles an hour. The theory is derived from the observed properties of what Mr. Scott Russell has termed the *solitary wave of translation* (or the wave of the first order), and those of the *gregarious wave*

of oscillation (the wave of the second order). The first-named wave moves with a velocity which can neither be accelerated nor retarded by the velocity of the floating body which produces it; while the latter wave does depend on the speed of the boat by which it is caused. The solitary wave is formed by the bow of a ship when in motion, and its velocity depends on the curve of the water-line of the vessel. Mr. Scott Russell proceeded to connect with these properties of the waves he described the following principles of naval architecture:—1. The principle of removing the least quantity of water to the least distance. Assuming that all horizontal motion through a fluid implies the displacement of that fluid, it is obvious that the amount of moving power required to propel a vessel will vary with the bulk of water disturbed and the range of its disturbance. In the ordinary construction, a great mass of water is set in motion on either side of the bows of the ship; but, as Mr. Scott Russell had proved experimentally in the wave boats, no more water was disturbed by them than was occupied by the immersed portion of the vessel.—2. The principle of adapting the form of the body which is to disturb the water to the natural form of the fluid which is to be disturbed. Referring to the properties of the wave of translation, Mr. Scott Russell proved that it was impossible to propel any vessel with a speed greater than that of the wave of the first order which it produced by its motion; and that, therefore, wherever speed was required, the shape of the vessel must be modified to accord with laws of that wave. Thus, the length of fast ships must be great (300 feet of keel being requisite to insure with least power a speed of 18 miles an hour, 500 feet of keel to attain 23 miles, &c.) On the same principle, boats made on the wave principle are broadest abaft the middle; the lines of run are much finer in the bow than at the stern, the bow portion of the water-line being concave.—3. The principle of allowing the replacement of water to take place with the greatest possible velocity. The wave formed by the after part of a ship is not the wave of translation, but the oscillating wave of the second order. It arises from a vertical motion of the water from below to replace the hollow left behind the ship as it passes onwards. This replacement is most rapid when the stern portion of the water-line is full. Mr. Scott Russell mentioned that vessels of various kinds which had been built on the principles he described (although the principles themselves were not understood by those who acted on them) had always been remarkable for speed. The old Thames wherry, the smugglers' boats, privateers, the caïque of the Bosphorus, fishing-boats in the North of Scotland, have been built more or less on this principle; and it was remarkable that whenever the form of any of these vessels was changed, with a view to improvement, the speed was always diminished. But the most important test of the wave principle of construction is afforded in the Holyhead fast boats,—all of which had systematically been constructed, with more or less accuracy, in conformity with the wave principle, and are propelled at the rate of from 17½ to 18½ miles an hour; the rapidity being the greatest in those boats in whose construction this principle is most accurately maintained. By the same principle, he felt satisfied that 23 miles an hour could be produced; and he was quite prepared to carry that speed practically into effect.

DECORATIVE ART.—May 31.—A paper 'On Decorations in Tempera' was read by Mr. Dwyer. It urged the necessity which exists for a more definite classification of various methods of painting as applied to the decorative arts. The evils resulting from the present partial system of education in the arts were alluded to as being generally evident in the professional practice of our artists; and it was contended that we should have a general system of education in art, as in literature, for all who require to understand the variety of means by which to best attain a given end. A knowledge of different materials must increase power; as, extending his acquaintance with material facilities for correct and forcible expression, the artist would ordinarily adopt the method most suitable to his purpose. The manner of applying colours in the arts has varied much in the different epochs of history, and it is not difficult to trace therefrom those distinctive qualities in which

may be recognized relative fitness. Mr. Dwyer described the methods of colouring in tempera and the various vehicles or media used for rendering colour adhesive and permanent. Details respecting the practical management of colours were given,—and the treatment of them in application, with gums, &c., to produce certain glazed effects was explained. Among the advantages assumed for painting in tempera, that of readily and economically producing on a large surface an even colour and texture was especially adverted to. The scenery of theatres (always painted in tempera) illustrates the power and richness of effects obtainable, as well as the rapid facility with which decorations of a refined and picturesque character might be produced for domestic interiors. It was maintained that with the present available resources arising from the schools of design, our house decorators might safely venture upon higher undertakings. Mr. Dwyer referred to the well-known decorations of Pompeii as illustrating in a modified degree a proper starting point—and to the Vatican and works in Italian palaces as specimens for emulation in a loftier range. A greater amount of attention to the importance of colour on our walls is necessary—when we find the same mistaken for the chaste, and artistic energies, as it were, dried up through the prevalent use of tints stimulative only in name, such as lemon, salmon, sage green, &c. It was observed that painting in tempera, being non-reflective of light, admits with the greatest freedom the broad style of treatment which is essential to the decorations of walls of large rooms.—Stencilling, though despised by many, owing to the imperfect manner in which it has usually been applied in this country, was described as a very useful medium—and it was contended that effects, in borders, after the manner of tessere would, if judiciously wrought, be duly appreciated. Mr. Dwyer wished it to be understood, that he had regulated his suggestions with equal regard to economy as to the advance of artistic achievements. He regretted that decorative painters have rarely the opportunity of seeing works in tempera executed by men of superior attainments; as he felt assured that if they saw the exceptions to their customary practice which artists such as Stanfield, Danson and others have produced on the walls of a few private mansions, their mental powers of appreciation would alone induce them to exercise that description of art.—The absurdity of painting in oil and varnishing the walls, and often the ceilings, in small rooms was mentioned in contrast to the light and agreeable result of colours in tempera:—while the general absence of gloss permits perspective and other details to be seen at any angle to the surface. It was stated with reference to durability, that it is quite possible to produce works of enduring brilliancy, as illustrated by the Egyptian antiquities (British Museum), or by the series of cartoons for a frieze, by A. Mantegna, at Hampton Court. It was remarked that the manner of laying on the colours in their washes, as shown in these cartoons, exemplifies that care was taken in the execution to prevent that peeling off which a careless manner gives rise to.

Numerous specimens of Indian, Chinese and modern paintings in tempera were placed in the room, for illustration of the remarks offered.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
MON. British Architects, 9, P.M.
 — Geographical, half-past 8.
TUES. Zoological, 9.—Scientific Business.
 — Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Exhibitions of Old and Modern Masters.

THE few remaining pictures of the masters of the Italian school which had no notice last week mark at once the periods of its development and of its decline. The two by Paolo Veronese, great features in Mr. Hope's collection, are both allegories. The *Painter represented between Virtue and Vice*, triumphing over the blandishments of the latter (4), and *Virtue triumphing over Force, Love and Fortune* (12), are superb examples of the artist's mastery in colour. Both are instances of the consummate skill with which he could wield the colder hues of the palette to the full accomplishment of the most harmonious

results. The first, in particular, is a remarkable instance of this treatment. There is nothing frigid or repulsive in it, despite the large quantities of blue and green—the smaller portions of warm colour in the drapery of Vice and the flesh tints sufficing to redeem it from monotony. In the second there is more richness—more flesh painting having been introduced; which to the student must prove invaluable as precedent for the expression of shadow. Take, for example, the body of the nude figure of Force and the shadow on the right arm of Love,—each alike admirable for truth. Both these works are significant of a higher power than it is customary to ascribe to this painter, who is ordinarily classed with the ornamentists of his school. They vindicate his claim to higher consideration, as a moralist-painter,—while they are most chaste and refined manifestations of chromatic skill.

The Nativity, by Giorgione (19), which was noticed last year when it was sold among Mr. Taral's pictures, appears here as the property of Mr. T. Wentworth Beaumont,—and confirms us in the opinion which we then expressed, that it "is one of the most finished works of the great Venetian painter,—and in a manner hitherto unknown in this country. In Venice and in Castelfranco, his native city, alone are to be seen such examples of his art as have obtained for him the reputation of rivaling, as a prince of colourists, the great Titian himself. Like the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of the latter, everything has here engaged the artist's attention. Such drawing and expression as are displayed in the two Shepherds and in the representation of maternal love and of innocence in the Virgin and Child justify the golden opinions which he has earned far more than the later works attributed to him." This picture strongly recalls that in the Church of St. Liberale, in the artist's native city.

The Bonifazio, *The Virgin and Child with St. John, attended by Saints* (29), if not of the highest order of the master, interests by its harmonious arrangement more than the *Night* (30), attributed to Bassano, or the *Marriage at Cana* (31), ascribed to Paolo Veronese. Neither of the latter will readily be received for what they profess to be. The *Portrait of Titian* (43), said to be from the hand of Sebastian del Piombo, will scarcely be assigned to that artist by those who bear in mind his severe and grand style. True, the picture has largeness of manner and is consequential as a whole; but there is visible want of learning in its drawing and in its general making out. It is deficient in truth—more particularly in its shadows; and is generally so much more picturesque in its making-up than the works of Sebastian as certainly to suggest some other authorship. Its effect is that of one of those lamp-light studies which we hear it was the habit of more than one painter of the Venetian school to make. The nobleness of the air and pose make it, nevertheless, a valuable study for the portrait-painter:—as is also *The Head of the Procurator Capello* (92)—a piece of character treated by Tintoretto with a bold touch.

The little picture of a *Holy Family* (124) is a gem of the time of Andrea del Sarto and his school. It is exceeded in interest by a similar subject, also of small dimensions, by Guido (3), one of his most charming works of this character.

The decadence of the art is well evidenced in a poor production like the huge picture of *St. Justinian*, by Albano (5)—unimpressive, but full of pretension;—and in the *Magdalen* (13) ascribed to Domenichino, the features of which are out of drawing, and in which the flesh tints of the head and hands are singularly at variance. The *Portrait of a Spanish Lady* (23), by Spagnoletto, may be entertained as a mere study of fact; but it is wanting in taste and refinement. The *Salvator Rosa*, *A Rocky Shore* (24), evidently on the coast of Calabria, does little credit to the name:—and the *Landscape—Stag-Hunt*, by I. and A. Both (28), is no very remarkable example of their talents, though possessing some richness of colour. The two large landscapes by Annibale Caracci—*Hawking* (39) and *Fishing* (44)—will little satisfy those who remember the charming pictures of this class by the same hand that adorn the Doria Palace. The two large pictures, *St. Peter* (40) and *Jacob* (46), by Spagnoletto, are more remarkable for force and decision than for either refinement or elevation of sentiment. *The Head of a Female*, by Solimena (63), shows the art sunk one step lower.

Of the art in the Low Countries there are some capital examples. A most powerful picture by N. Maes, *The Lace Maker* (6), is a simple single figure, with a most brilliant effect evoked out of the most ordinary materials;—strong and dull colour being reconciled by the presence of black most artfully arranged. Of the three Jan Steens, *The Wedding Feast* (15) and the *Merry-making* (21) are both confirmations of the artist's strong perception of the brutal and sensual character of the personages, his compatriots, whom he represents. These are rendered in all their native ferocity, with full knowledge of effect; but the pictures have not a trait to mark their author's sensibility to his art as a dignifying pursuit. A better, and almost exceptional, instance of this artist's taste is the little picture entitled *Saying Grace* (8). Here the subject has inspired him with a higher feeling. The expression of the boor who with doffed bonnet is invoking a blessing on the mid-day meal, while his *frau* sits by the window in communion of feeling, is, for sentiment, one of the painter's happiest efforts; and the interest is sustained by the tranquil and truthful effect which he has imparted in the lighting-up of the chamber and in its incidents. In its tastefully and minutely painted details there is, also, the revelation of a higher power than is usually seen in this painter's works.

Mr. Holford is the possessor of the very spirited *Study* (9), by Vanduyke, for the picture of *St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar*, now at Windsor,—and of the little *Landscape with Cattle* (10), by Berghe, well known as a gem. W. Van de Velde's *Sea Piece* (11), contributed from the same collection, is also renowned for its excellence,—and for having brought at a public sale upwards of 1,600 guineas. Most luminous is Baron Lionel Rothschild's Cuyp, *Staling* (14); formerly an ornament of Coventry House. Of the Teniers *Interior* (25) mention was made when it was sold lately at Mr. Wells's sale. One of Ostade's studies of character—a half figure, *A Dutch Boor* (26)—beautiful, as usual, in colour,—and Gerard Dow's *Portrait of his Wife* (27), very fine in character, delicate yet free in execution—are contributed by Mr. Brind. An elaborate *Conversation Piece* (33), by Sorgh, not a master of ordinary occurrence, will attract by its delicacy. *The River Scene* (37), by Solomon Ruysdael, gives the idea, from flimsiness and want of strength in the foliage of the trees, of having suffered either by accident or in the hands of the restorer.

Of Jacob Ruysdael there are no less than five examples—each different in its kind, and all of excellence. Most to our taste, because most accomplished in all that constitutes a fine picture of this class, is the large *Landscape* (18) which was lately disposed of at Mr. Wells's sale. *The Waterfall* (20), so long hidden from public view in Sion House—evidently a study made when the artist was in Norway—is highly expressive of his power in such subjects; yet so wanting in sharpness and precision as to raise a suspicion that is not now in the state in which it left the painter's easel. In another and more careful style is the *Landscape* (45) formerly in the Versteek collection, and now the property of Mr. Jones Loyd. It is very beautiful in details. The little *Hilly Scene* (115)—a simple record of a bit of undulating road—is made precious by a happy combination of light and shade: while the *Overshot Mill* (163) is equally marvellous as a piece of imitation of simple circumstance—in which every detail is given in character and force, with most dexterous yet tasteful touch.—The two great gallery pictures, *The Boar Hunt* (16) and *The Wolf Hunt* (22) are not of the highest order in their kind to which we have been accustomed from the hands of Snijders.

Rubens's *Death of Adam* (17) possesses all his unrivalled powers of flesh painting—wanting here, in usual, in refinement of form, and involving, from the peculiarity of composition, the imputation of mediocrity. The same master's *Allegorical Sketch* (31) is placed too high to be properly judged of. A wonderful portrait truly is that of *An Old Lady* (40), by Rembrandt. Executed so slightly as at first sight to seem deserving rather of the name of a sketch than of a picture, it proves nevertheless the power and nicety of calculation of its author—every touch being pregnant with intention and its accomplishment. It is on such art as this that our own

Reynolds founded his style and practice; and we at once acknowledge its truth and marvel at the means so singular, yet so sufficient for its full expression.

The neighbour to this, *A Merry-making* (48), by Teniers, is noticed here only as exhibiting a remarkable departure from the silvery and chaste tones which that painter almost universally employed on his subjects,—in favour of a red and monotonous hue that enhances not the merit of the work: and Greuze's *Head of a Girl* (7)—known as the picture presented by Callone, the French minister, to Lady Manvers—is mentioned (though the situation assigned it is the post of honour) as another example of vicious and depraved taste—appealing to the worst passions. Its art is founded not on nature, but on exaggeration,—proportions bad, and drawing worse. The placing such a work in so prominent a position misleads public taste and misdirects the student.

Strange as it may seem, the fact nevertheless is that a fair representation of the united efforts of our own school has never yet found place on these walls. As has been before observed in our columns—a fatality, too, seems to attend even the selection made—and the most indifferent works of the respective artists exhibited usually find their way into the collection. The few exceptions in the present case will have earliest mention. Of Mr. Howard's art there are four examples—three bearing testimony to the classical feeling which was a distinction of his earlier efforts. *Paris and Helen, from an antique bronze* (126) is obviously an early production: the care and precision with which it is executed bespeaking the apprehension of an unpractised hand. Immediate reference to Nature in the delineation of its forms is not sufficiently attested. *The Triumph of Venus* is more accomplished in its parts, and a better representation of the artist's powers. To too exclusive a reliance on the study of antique sculpture was owing in this painter's works that want of vitality without which the most coldly-correct definition fails to satisfy. His diploma picture, *The Four Angels loosed from the River Euphrates* (137), is the most poetical of Mr. Howard's conceptions. Its design is original; and the whole treatment, both in the contrivance of its light and shade and in its expressive handling, is in accordance with the spirit of the text. *A Lady in a Florentine Dress* (136) is a portrait study; and though deficient in the quality of its flesh tints, it is a good example of care and purity of character and intention.

Hogarth painting the Comic Muse (114) is too well known by the engraving to need notice here.—A group of *Masters M. and D. Tupper* (117) is from the hands of A. W. Devis, better known by such subjects from history as 'The Death of Nelson' or the larger picture of 'Langton and the Barons.' There is much clever painting here; but not enough to redeem the commonplace of portraiture of his and of our own time. Romney's great sketch—for it is assuredly no picture—*The Infant Shakespeare surrounded by the Passions* (118) is here—a capital design for a more matured production. *Cassandra* (160) and other studies (165 and 171) from Lady Hamilton—with, best of all, 168, of which we had lately occasion to speak, now the property of Lord Charles Townshend—are excellent transcripts of a fascinating original; yet all betraying too great reliance on facility of execution, and dangerous as examples for students from the very look of ease with which they are wrought.

Of Reynolds's portraits, that of *Dr. Burney* (116) is the best. The portraits of *A Lady* (140) and *Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam* (176), are graceful studies for colour and simplicity; but could assuredly not have been like their originals—for they exhibit no individuality. All display the same conventional modes of making out the forms—whether in the touching-in of an eye, the drawing of a nose, or the dimpling of a mouth. They are indifferent examples of the master. James Barry's *Ulysses and Polyphemus* (119) is even more strange in its character than the strangest of the passages in his larger work in the Adelphi, 'The Elysian Fields.'

The three Morlands—*Coast Scene* (122), *Landscape and Figures* (123), and *Horses in the Snow* (128), will gratify those who admire the painter. Morland is to be looked at as an English Teniers working in a most original manner from the actual

scene by which he was surrounded; but he must not be over-estimated by being ranked with those who engaged themselves on better themes and with better art.

Of the Gainsborough portraits that of the *Hon. Mrs. Graham* (138) is the best—as it is one of the best of the British School. It is a lovely impersonation of woman's beauty and innocence. It proclaims independence of precedent—yet displays no straining after novelty. Its strict reference to nature constitutes its hold on our sympathies. Its beauty is not sensual—nor has it the affectation on the one hand of the drawing-room, or that of rusticity on the other. It is beautiful nature rendered in her artlessness. The same artist's portraits of *George Canning* 129—which shows the minister when a youth—and of the *First Marquess of Bute* (143), are slight; and though defective in drawing, yet show the same vigour and independence of mind. The portrait of *Isabella, Countess of Sefton* (177), though not of so great a quality as the first-named either in subject or execution, is yet a highly favourable expression of the painter's art. A good *Landscape* by the same is No. 133.

The two large *Vieses in Wales*, by Wilson (131 and 139), will scarcely satisfy those accustomed to delight in the tone which this artist usually imparted to his landscapes. The *Italian Scene* (179) is the most perfect in this quality here. *Cicero at his Villa* (173) is of the most imaginative character; and *The Campagna, Rome* (157) is an old scene, with Tivoli as a foreground—one of those subjects which from Wilson's hand we never tire of.

Hilton is well represented here in a beautiful study of *Miranda* (132), that embodies much of the purity of feeling of Greek sculpture. The larger picture of *Diana and Calisto* (169)—so well known—equally shows the artist's high estimation of form and his facility in expressing his classical taste by its means.

By Hoppner there is a *Portrait of Himself* (134)—one of the most careful examples of a time and a practice which have done more for the deterioration and decay of portrait-painting than years can repair. It has, however, but little of that conventionalism which was the refuge of the day with those whose incapacity for the rendering of form is notorious.

The Amphitrite, by Smirke, (141) is interesting as a conquest over the conceits and extravagancies that characterize the same artist's illustrations of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and other scenes of larger pretensions, in the great Shakespeare publication of Boydell. Crome's *Mulbarton Gravel Pits* (142) is an excellent study from Nature.—Of Westall's *Simoon with the Infant Saviour* (145) little can be said in praise as an illustration of Scripture story. It is conventional and uninspired. Opie's *Pastoral Subject* (147) is rather a concentrated effect of the painting-room than what it pretends to be. A very large *Landscape with ruined Castle and Figures* (155), by De Louthborough, bespeaks the power of the master of scenic representation. It has all the vigour and readiness demanded in such matters; the knowledge of effect—and of means necessary to it—to be produced at great distance. But it is wanting in the high qualities that have made renown for the great painters of landscape. The art is too obvious, and the nature too little so.

How remarkable is it that the poorest of Lawrence's pictures are generally those submitted at this institution to the public! That of *Archbishop Moore* (178) is an early and unfinished work. It is still more strange that if a really superior picture does appear here—as in the case of the *Child with Flowers* (166)—it has assigned to it an inferior situation. They who may not recollect this as one of the ornaments of an Exhibition some few years since, have now an opportunity of making acquaintance with one of the most beautiful of juvenile portraits from Lawrence's hand. The painting of the head alone should be seen near to be properly estimated. At the time of its former exhibition, if our memory serve us rightly, it was known as the portrait of 'The Daughter of Sir George and Lady Murray.'—*King John signing the Magna Charta* (175), by Mortimer, may be regarded with curiosity as showing the taste and ability of the historical painter of three-quarters of a century since. Puerility of invention, absence of power in delineation, and ignorance of all accessorial knowledge mark the work of an artist who is

—Salvator Rosa-like—much better known through the medium of his own etchings of banditti and chimera.

We close our notice of this collection by remarking that the *View of Charing Cross, with Northumberland House*, as it appeared in the days of Canaletto (174), by his pencil, is a hard and commonplace work, wanting in refinement of painting and in tone.

THE COUNT DE MORNAY'S PICTURES.

THE present season has been more than commonly abundant in sales of old pictures—chiefly of the Dutch school. The collections of Messrs. Newington Hughes, Wells, Broadwood, Sir Thomas Baring, and others have given some idea of the amount of such treasures of Art which the country possesses; and we have now to add to the list the collection of a French nobleman, just imported here from Paris, and sold on Tuesday and Wednesday last at Messrs. Phillips's rooms in Bond Street.

One of the finest pictures in this collection was the *Karl du Jardin, 'Le Manège'* for colour, breadth and execution resembling Wouvermans, but with greater effect. The details—especially the white horse on the right and the cavalier putting on his spurs—are fine in tints of negative hues, and completed to perfection. Sold for 600 guineas.—A landscape, representing a 'View in the South of France,' enriched with buildings, was another fine example of the artist,—inferior to the first but superior to 47, 'Wandering Musicians,' known by Gutenberg's engraving. The first sold for 740 guineas—the second for 150 guineas. The 'Interior of a Larder,' by Rubens and Snyders, with figures and numerous accessories—from the collection of the late King of Bavaria—was a good gallery picture of its kind. 120 guineas. By the former there was a composition of more consequence, 'Hercules and Omphale,' with figures less than the natural size—very rich in colour. Sold for 480 guineas. A magnificently modelled study was the 'Head' by Rembrandt (83)—a portrait of a man with a black velvet cap and mantle of the same colour, with his right hand in his waistcoat—the jewel fastening his cloak gleaming like a gem beyond all price; the head a little smaller than life and the whole picture a superb example of the master's tone and handling. 350 guineas. A more agreeable picture than usual by the artist was Schalcken's 'Candlelight Piece,' engraved by Klauber. Sold for 170 guineas.

By Adrian Van der Velde, 'Cattle in a Meadow,' the nearest object to the spectator being a bay horse standing—a goat browsing near. The horse is extremely beautiful, and the whole picture wrought up to a pitch of which it is the key-note. A 'View of Scheveling,' by the same, is singular in subject but remarkably true in its realization—105 guineas. A group of cows, of various colours and in diverse actions on the turf bordering a river, making a picture of the very highest quality of the master, fetched 850 guineas.—By W. Van der Velde, among others of great excellence, was 'A Sea View under the aspect of a fresh Breeze,' with men-of-war and other vessels,—more like Backhuysen in general complexion, but of the master's peculiar handling. 160 guineas. A 'Sea View during a Calm' was a very fine example, painted in the artist's most accomplished style. It sold for 900 guineas. In Vanderveer's 'Moonlight Scene' the vividness of the blue sky at first sight occasions a suspicion of restoration. Closer investigation, however, satisfied us of the fact of its originality; and the effect, though somewhat *trenchant*, is so balanced by the dark as to be reconcilable with truth,—200 guineas.—Of the specimens of P. Wouvermans, we were most attracted by 'The Angel appearing to the Shepherds'—from the gallery of the Count de Vance, (122 guineas)—and a 'Halt of Travellers at an Inn,' known in Smith's Catalogue as 'Le Coche,' and formerly in the possession of Lord Charles Townshend (480 guineas).

Jacob Ruysdael's 'Landscape View in the neighbourhood of Haarlem'—an extensive view over a flat country—has a wonderful gleam of sunlight thrown across the picture; the variety of light and shade being most charming. 350 guineas. A novel effect by the same artist was 'A Winter Scene in Holland'—in which the composition is distinguished by a windmill erected on a pile of old brickwork, having

an archway beneath. The whole of the country is submerged in snow, and the clouds indicate a further fall. The singularity and truth of the picture were remarkable. 150 guineas. The 'Sea Piece,' by the same, was a superb example. The forms of the clouds and of the fishing smack, contrasted by the bank and figures, were most striking; while the air of movement inspired the most complete idea of reality. 120 guineas. A gleam of light passing over a 'View in the outskirts of Helvoetsluis' is also most magical in its effect,—125 guineas. A 'Sea Piece under the effect of a Storm' expresses its idea most thoroughly;—and 'The Waterfall' is a most effective picture of the master; comprehending great variety in its forms, and made up of an infinity of tints of cool colour, with such opposition of warmer hues as preserves a due balance. The general aspect is deep, yet rich. This is a superb example of the artist,—and fetched 250 guineas.

Amongst several by Van der Heyden—whose disposition to record every brick or stone in a wall, or every individual piece of pavement, accords not with our notion of the true purposes of Art—the most remarkable were—the 'View of a Dutch Chateau,' known in Smith's Catalogue, admirable for its general truth and effect (180 guineas); and 'A View of Westerkerk and the surrounding buildings at Amsterdam'—a rare union of microscopic detail with breadth of mass and good general effect. The picture is so bright and fresh as to suggest the idea of its having been overcleaned. It is certainly one of the most desirable pictures of the artist. It fetched 920 guineas.—The Ludolph Backhuysen did not impress us as any very high instance of the artist's power. It is a marine scene—a 'View in the Neighbourhood of Flushing.' The forms are hard and primitive. 450 guineas. Hobbema's 'Entrance to a Forest' is a good example of such still and tranquil effect as the painter knew so well how to convey. 110 guineas. Another Landscape by the same struck us as being inferior in quality,—yet it fetched just double the price of the last. A 'View in Italy,' by L. and A. Both is one of the frequent instances of the union of the talents of the two in the sunny effects that light up an evening sky in the mountainous districts of that country. 110 guineas. A very humorous and brilliant example of Van Ostade was the group of 'Four Peasants Drinking and Smoking near a Window.' It is one of those rich combinations identified with the painter's name. It sold for 65 guineas. But the highest specimen of the same artist was 'The Front of a Country Inn'—peasants listening to a hurdy-gurdy player. The language of eulogy can be scarcely dispensed in such a manner as properly to describe the merits of this *chef-d'œuvre*. Rich in colour, magnificent in tone, fine in composition, the subject managed without the remotest taint of vulgarity—all conspires to render this one of the master's greatest productions. It realized 800 guineas.

By Isaac Ostade there was a brilliant and sunny scene of 'Travellers halting at a Country Inn'—full of variety in colour—though warm in effect, yet delicate and fresh in its tints and most elegantly touched. The picture is well known—having been formerly in the collection of the Duchess de Berri. It sold for 420 guineas. The 'Young Man blowing Soap Bubbles,' by David Teniers—a small picture—is novel in its style. It fetched 60 guineas. The 'Interior of a Corps de Garde,' by the same, is not a good composition, though most dexterously touched. 490 guineas.—By Van Stry there was a very Cuyppish 'River Scene';—and by Cuypp himself a capital study—life size—the 'Head of a Young Man,' in a black dress with a white collar—simply yet naturally done. An 'Interior of a Rustic Cottage'—in the foreground of which a woman is seen scouring a copper pan placed on a tub—is a glowing assemblage of warm colour, in which monotony is avoided by the introduction of just such an amount as is judicious of cold colour in the dress of the principal object. 570 guineas. The landscape, 'A Rich Meadow'—where two cows are lying down and a third standing—while solid in its masses is full of aerial effect. 490 guineas.

The 'Embarkation of Prince Maurice,' (180 guineas) and 'A Landscape—effect of Setting Sun,' were two other pictures by the same hand, of inferior quality. The last fetched only 634,

The De Hooghe was first-rate:—an 'Interior of an Apartment, with a cavalier and a lady seated at a table playing at cards, and a servant girl pouring out a glass of wine.' It has a complete illusion of sunlight effect—and is one of the painter's most felicitous treatments. It fetched 310 guineas.—'Peasants going to Market,' entitled 'Le Soir,' by Berghem, from the Duchess de Berri's collection, is a very choice example—rich and sunny. 450 guineas.—The portrait of 'François Mieris the elder,' painted by himself, is a good representation of the painter's style. 370 guineas.—By an artist of the modern Dutch school, H. Leys, there was an 'Interior of an Hôtelier,'—truthful in effect—the figures correctly drawn and in superior taste. It fetched 300 guineas.

That Rembrandt painted 'The Resurrection of Lazarus' in this collection enters not into our philosophy. We have not been used to associate with his style such cold, repulsive, and crude ideas of colour. Those chilling and purplish tints with which nine-tenths of the picture abound suggest not, to our apprehension, its author. Watteau's 'La Conversation,'—a composition of two figures,—was formerly at Strawberry Hill, in the possession of Horace Walpole. It sold for 681. 5s. A very fine little specimen of the same master entitled 'Les Champs Elysées,' brought 900 guineas. Two larger compositions of the same subject (101 and 102) fetched, the first 1,100 guineas, and the last 730 guineas.

The admirers of microscopic truth will have had a treat in the opportunity which Balthazar Denner here afforded them for testing the strength of their optics. They must have revelled in the delights of cutaneous inequality, and been amply compensated for ugliness of form in the realization of mere surface. Let the truth, however, be told. They who may demur to such waste of time as these insipid elaborations evidence—of which the 'Head of an Old Man,' said to be the artist's father, is an example—must yet acknowledge in the more agreeable subject by the same hand, the 'Portrait of a Woman,' a marvel in mere imitation—though still at an immense sacrifice of true Art. The price was 500 guineas.

By Greuze there were no less than nine pictures—all more or less marked by affectation; and where the youthful female form was attempted, strained and unnatural. Of the best of these, and of the very best of the master that we have ever seen, was the 'Head of a Child,' the head leaning to the left. It is bold and free in the touch, in a natural pose, and well drawn. It sold for 320 guineas. The 'Head of a Young Girl, expressive of ecstasy,' is a very pretty study,—and fetched 300 guineas. 'La petite Fille aux Fleurs,' although affected, is in better taste than usual with the artist. Its price was 510 guineas. 'La Sourde Oreille' is unnatural as the action of so young a girl—indistinct and wanting in precision of touch. It brought, however, 200 guineas. The 'Head of a Young Girl, with a book before her placed on a table,'—also wretchedly affected as representing the attitude of a young person—sold for 110 guineas.—'La Marchande à la Toilette,' by F. Boucher, is another affected production of the French school. It was sold for 571. 15s. The total amount realized by the sale was 25,000l.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We are sorry to find that the project of the Vernon testimonial, proposed in our columns a fortnight since, cannot be carried into effect—at least not in the form there suggested. The lamentable condition of Mr. Vernon's health renders a sitting for a new portrait impossible—while we think it makes it more imperative that something in the way of testimonial should be achieved without further delay. We need not point out how greatly the state of Mr. Vernon's health adds to the amount of supplementary obligation which the public has incurred to him for the use of his own house as a place of exhibition. We are informed that some years since Mr. Bradley painted a very clever picture of Mr. Vernon—and that he sat also to Mr. Pickersgill last year. If that be true which we have also since heard—but for which we do not vouch—that both these pictures have been placed at the disposal of the Trustees, and will probably appear with the Vernon Gallery, a testimonial in the terms of our former proposal is of

course, not needed. We trust that this intelligence, or a portion of it, may be correct; because we cannot think that under the remarkable circumstances of the collection and gift of these pictures—which first gave a life-long encouragement to native Art, and then offered the results for future teaching—the Vernon gallery can be said to be complete without a portrait of the donor. Were it not that we understand a committee could not embarrass the invalid, we would have hinted at a statue.—Surely, under the circumstances, this is a case in which the Government might gain great credit by advising the Queen to bestow a baronetcy.

Prince Albert has sent a contribution of 25*l.* towards the erection of the monument of Mrs. Siddons, in Westminster Abbey.

There is something magical in the process of the Daguerreotype which, notwithstanding our now familiarity with its phenomena, yet ensures our interest. It is, however, somewhat strange that we have not yet received any satisfactory explanation of the kind of chemical change produced—or of the agency by which that change is effected. Practical men have improved the photographic processes,—but scientific men have not explained them, although they appear to involve some of the most remarkable natural operations, influencing alike organic and inorganic matter. Many of the improvements in manipulation introduced principally for the purpose of improving the Daguerreotype portraits, do indeed lead to an increase of our scientific knowledge on this subject:—and a recent improvement by Mr. Richard Beard is a step of real advancement. On the ordinary sensitive surface each ray, every colour, acted differently; and the result in copying coloured bodies was, that the effect on the copy bore no relation to that produced upon the eye by the object copied. Light and chemical action were too frequently in opposition: darkly coloured (blue) bodies became brilliantly white, and most luminous surfaces (yellow) were represented in deep shadow—and so throughout the chemical scale. The sensitive surface as proposed by Mr. Beard's new process has a more modified scale of action—and appears to be chemically sensitive in an equal degree to a more extensive range of coloured rays than the surfaces hitherto employed. The result is, greater harmony in the general effect of the pictures produced. The deep shadows of a dark surface are naturally distinct, whilst the strongly illuminated parts of any brilliantly coloured or perfectly white object are faithfully copied without losing any of that transparency which constitutes their beauty. The portraits which we have seen taken by Mr. Beard exhibit the marked improvement that results from the discovery: and we may hope that we are on the road towards that desideratum, a chemical preparation which shall be equally acted on by every part of the chromatic spectrum.

The parliamentary paper on the Miscellaneous Estimates, recently published, shows the total amount recommended by the Treasury for Schools of Design, for the current year, to be 10,000*l.*; comprising 3,500*l.* for the head school at Somerset House, 4,500*l.* for fourteen branch schools in England and Scotland, and 1,500*l.* for schools proposed to be established in Dublin, Cork, and Belfast. The estimate, compared with that of last year, exhibits an increase of 1,100*l.* for the head school, and 1,210*l.* for the branch schools, to provide more efficiently for the improvement and extension of the course of instruction, lectures, &c., and for supplying additional books and examples. Many interesting remarks on the progress of our national art education, applied to industrial purposes, are suggested by an inspection of this financial document; but, for the present, we observe only that the total grant for Britain averages less than 570*l.* for each school, including outfit, supplies of furniture, books, and examples—that the number of pupils receiving instruction in these schools exceeds 2,500,—and that, for the head school, in which above 400 students are taught Art with the view of benefiting our staple manufactures and improving popular taste, the amount of the grant for the whole year's expenditure is no more than the sum proposed, and will be seen below, for the purchase of a collection of Syriac manuscripts from a monastery, for the British Museum. The attendance of students at the head school is larger than usual at the pre-

sent time of the year,—and supplied as they now are with choice paintings from Hampton Court, with the finest specimens of plants and flowers from the Royal Gardens at Kew, and with the best instruction by a staff of highly-accomplished and liberally-remunerated teachers,—the success of the institution must be presumed to be greatly dependent on the earnestness with which the students may be disposed to avail themselves of the advantages which the Government offers. We can anticipate no failure or defect on the part of the *masters* in carrying out the prescribed course of education in all its departments.—On Friday evening next, Mr. Redgrave will lecture again, 'On the Classification and Structure of Plants with reference to the Purposes of Art.'

The British Museum Estimate provides for the following purchases:—

	£.	s.	d.
Purchase of Syriac MSS. from the Monastery of Sta. Maria Delipara	3,500	0	
Estimated for the expense to be incurred for the continuance of excavations in Assyria, and for the transport of antiquities to England	500	0	
Purchase of drawings from the collection of the Baron Versteel of Soelen	560	16	
Purchase of a collection of etchings and engravings from Messrs. Smith	4,200	0	
	8,760	16	

The probable produce of the sale of Catalogues at the National Gallery is estimated for one year at 45*l.* We could have wished to have seen the purchase-money of a really good picture (one of Mr. Wells's, for instance) included in the Estimates for the present year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer pulls the purse-strings too tight for a great nation anxious to obtain a Gallery worthy of its position among European powers.

The correspondence that passed between the Trustees of the National Gallery and the Lords of the Treasury respecting the gift made by Mr. Vernon to the British Nation has just been printed, pursuant to an order of the House of Lords. There is not much in it that is new. The selection of the pictures was made by Lord Montague and Sir Robert Peel: and an application and plans "for enlarged accommodation for the public pictures and an improved Sculpture Gallery at the Royal Academy" were laid, it appears, before the Lords of the Treasury in the summer of last year;—but their Lordships signified to the Trustees, in their reply, "that they do not feel themselves justified in authorizing so large an expenditure as would be required for the proposed alterations of the building of the National Gallery without the previous sanction of Parliament." Their Lordships go on to say, "they will be prepared to take into consideration, before the time arrives for submitting to Parliament the Estimates for the ensuing year, a matured plan for affording such additional accommodation as may be required for the purposes of the National Gallery, and, in connexion with that object, for improving the Sculpture Gallery of the Royal Academy." This was written on the 20th of August, 1847; and now we are past the longest day in the middle of 1848 without hearing a word about "a matured plan" or finding a penny in the Estimates for making good empty promises to too easy Trustees.

The *Bombay Times* gives some account of a portion of the last packages of Nimroud marbles despatched from thence for England, on board the *Junna*. The articles there exhibited were "a fragment—the feet and ankles—of a gigantic ox, and the head of a king in relief, in very fine preservation, both cut in gypsum. Besides these, was a basket full of vases, lamps, and other utensils, mostly in *terra cotta*, and of very elegant patterns. One small urn was of fine white alabaster. The principal object of attention was a beautiful obelisk of black marble, six feet high, and in the most perfect state of preservation,—the polish unaffected by three thousand years of inhumation, and the lustre hardly gone. This marble is much more perfect than any of the gypsiums with which it is contemporaneous. About one-third of it is covered all round with inscriptions in cuneiform characters; the other two-thirds are decorated with sculptures in compartments. There are five compartments on each side,—twenty, consequently, in all. They are sunk about one-fourth of an inch, and occupied by figures of men, horses, camels, tigers, deer, and monkeys, in relief. The whole seems to represent a

procession bringing gifts to the king,—who, along with his courtiers, is represented at the top of the stone." Castings in plaster of Paris, for the study of the local antiquaries, were taken from the obelisk while at Bombay.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—BY COMMAND.—The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed the EIGHTH CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING, June 25, 1848. Programme.—Sinfonia in A, No. 2, Mendelssohn; Overture, 'Leonora,' Beethoven; Sinfonia in C minor, Beethoven; Overture, 'The Kuler of the Spirits,' Weber. Vocal Performers.—Madame Castellan and Signor Mario. Conductor, Mr. Costa. Tickets, 1*l.* is. each, to be obtained of Messrs. Addison, 210, Regent-street.

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY NEXT, June 27.—GRAND MATINEE, at Three o'clock, WILLIS'S ROOMS.—Quartet, a flat, No. 78, Haydn; Quintet in A, Op. 18, Mendelssohn; Sonata, a flat (Allargato), Weber; Solo, Violoncello, Schubert; Selections from various Quartets; Largo, No. 78, Haydn; Canonetta, Op. 19, Mendelssohn; Presto, No. 8, Op. 28, Beethoven, interpreted with Vocal Music, sung by Madame Viardot-Garcia, and Mlle. di Mendi. Instrumentalists.—Molière, Sainton, Hermann, Dellore, Hill, Mellon, and Piat, Pianist, Halle, Accompanist, Mr. Benedict. Members, on payment at the door, can introduce Visitors. Tickets for Strangers, 10*s.* 6*d.* each, to be had of Messrs. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent-street. J. ELLA, Director.

EXETER HALL.—Mr. Hullah's chorists celebrated the anniversary of the laying the first stone of their New Music Hall with the best miscellaneous English concert that we recollect—probably the best of any kind ever given in London at similar prices. It was thoroughly enjoyed by a closely-packed audience. This is the real way to talk of "native talent"—and not by vulgar and senseless appeals to prohibitive restrictions. For, let us point out that Statutes of Limitation might touch composition just as sensibly as performance; and, were they carried out, we must be reduced to giving up Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn—all of whose names gave a zest to Wednesday's programme. The 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music was performed complete—the Quartet in D of its composer (*Conservatoire* fashion) by twenty artists of Mr. Willy's concert band, &c.—besides Mendelssohn's delicious Wood Song, with its accompaniment of horns and other open-air instruments. We must not omit to specify Mr. Whitworth's impressive, manly, and refined singing of 'Possesti numi,' from the 'Zauberflöte'—nor the delicate and winning performance of Weber's 'Mermaid Song' (taken, however, a pulsation too slowly), by Miss Stewart. Mr. Lockett sang a song by Lachner in his best manner. Mr. Reeves—who seems wisely "taking the tide at the flood," and by increased care justifying his increasing success—was another attraction; singing, among other music, Purcell's 'Come, if you dare,' with spirit enough to "raise a shire,"—the 'Adelaide'; and a ballad from Mr. Hullah's own village opera. Here let us note that a very pleasing new Duett by the same composer was allotted to the Misses Williams;—and that the chorus gave his spirited part-song to Barry Cornwall's words 'Song should breathe of scents and flowers.' This, by the way, might as well become the song of our singing societies,—being something more poetical than the well-worn and pompous 'Glorious Apollo,' which by its talk about "Polyhymnia," never fails to remind us of the verse of the Munster melodist—

Apollo and the Muses Nine,
Romulus and Remus,
In every look and action shine,
And make thee great and famous.

Our citation is not time wasted if accepted as an illustration of the purer and healthier taste now cultivated among English song-writers and song-setters.—Ere we leave Mr. Hullah's share of the programme, let us acknowledge the exceedingly good taste with which he has forborne to produce his own music at his pupils' concerts, save in most limited measure. We have yet to name Miss Rainforth, Miss Duval, Mrs. and Mr. Weiss, and Mr. W. S. Bennett (in a selection of Mendelssohn's 'Lieder') as having taken part in the performance. The chorus gave unmistakable proof of progress, by executing Moscheles' part-song, 'Daybreak,' with firmness, delicacy, and spirit,—the composition being as difficult a one as a chorus could be asked to sing. Let us take leave of Mr. Hullah's chorists for the season with well-merited good words and good wishes. We need not remind the reader that the performance of a great work is, to ourselves, more interesting than the best selection; but there can be no reason why an entertainment so choicely arranged and so

well performed as the above should not from time to time be alternated with their graver performances.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—*Mdlle. Anichini*, a lady well known and highly esteemed in the world of amateur music, received her friends on Monday morning, at a villa out of town.—On the evening of the same day *Mr. John Parry*, the laughter-provoking and ingenious, held his concert in the Hanover Square Rooms. His new "whimsy" (for he is the Hood of musicians in his amount of whim, and whim cannot exist without genius) is "The rehearsal of an operetta." On this momentous occasion the right hand conducts with a *bâton*, the left does duty for orchestra, while the singer prompts, talks, and goes through a scene with three voices and chorus. Comical, too, is *Mr. J. Parry's* interpretation of 'Jeannette and Jeannot,'—that worshipful song with a worshipful picture which has taken the place of 'Pestal.' That he keeps his public, even in these times of wholesale loss, was evident by the crammed condition of the room. *Mr. Reeves* was the other principal attraction of *Mr. Parry's* concert; since *Miss Lucombe* gave us no cause to change our opinion of her, recently expressed—and the *Misses Pyne* grieved us by their adaptation of 'Ti parli l'amore.' The cleverest *contralto* must fail when doing the office of a male voice,—as *Mdlle. Albani* gave us occasion to remark when, last year, singing in 'Ernani.' What need was there, moreover, of their going aside to spoil *Rossini*—the case being one of free choice, not managerial despotism?

Have we another Mozart in embryo amongst us without knowing it? The following programme of an entertainment given by *Mr. Kraus*, on Wednesday last, resembles nothing so much as the announcement [*vide Mr. Holmes's 'Life'*] of one of the concerts given by *Signor Amadeo* when the prodigious boy was travelling in Italy—noting down the *altissimo* passages of 'La Bastardella,' or stealing the 'Miserere,' by ear, out of the Pope's Chapel. Let us record the promises of *Mr. Kraus*, as curiosities:—if they are followed by another 'Idomeneo,' or 'Il Seraglio,' or 'Don Juan,' or 'Figaro,' or 'Zauberflöte,' so much the better.—"Mr. Kraus" (said his bill) "will perform—1. Improvisation on an Air given to him by any one of the audience; 2. *Pregiera* from 'Mosè in Egitto,' played with the left hand alone; 3. *Lieder ohne Worte*, to be improvised on any subject given to him; 4. 'La Dolcezza'; 5. Improvisation on several Airs to be given by the audience; 6. 'Sehnsucht,' romance by Cramer; 7. Grand Fantasia on Airs from 'Norma,' performed with the left hand alone; 8. Variations of Bravura, on an Air from 'L'Elisir d'Amore.' The number of variations to be determined by the company."—Seriously: so long as we bear hard on Transatlantic vulgarities or on English quackeries,—on both of which it was last week necessary to animadvert,—it would be unjustifiable favoritism to withhold from such a piece of charlatanism as the above its record of due disdain.

This week we have had concerts, too, by *Don J. and Don R. de Ciebra*—by *Mrs. Schwab*—by *Madame Sala*—and an anonymous concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, which, to judge from its programme, would seem to have had some connexion with the Royal Academy of Music.—*M. Chopin's* *Matinée* was given yesterday morning. We must offer a word or two next week on the characteristics of his pianoforte-playing—as peculiar as they are charming.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Poor 'Don Pasquale,' Donizetti's prettiest musical comedy, produced to fill an "off night," was an exclamation there was no escaping from on Tuesday evening. Why was it produced at all? Need the world be reminded of losses on which no one is to be congratulated? If even a Lablache must yield to the common lot, wherefore are we to be forced to call attention to the wrongs which Time (in his case dutifully reluctant) will work sooner or later? Such "strokes on the clock" are so many mementos for ourselves. With considerate management, the confession might have been adjourned for a season or two:—as it is, the recorder has no choice but to say that the vocalist has hardly any longer power sufficient to go through so much music as 'Don Pasquale' contains; while the actor's superabundant comicalities of dress and gesture, &c. &c., so far

from affording compensation, deepen our regret, as showing the greatest artist still on the stage thrown off his balance and willing to raise a laugh at any price. But the opera was in other respects a little dismal. Madame Tadolini is a huckaback *Norina* compared with Madame Grisi. For change of voice we were prepared by the almanack,—and for some retrenchment of executive power, which must have existed in greater affluence, or Italian reputation is indeed not worth "an old song." But we were not prepared for such an utter want of elegance, both in musical style and in personal demeanour. *Don Pasquale's* determination to wed at all costs did not, we apprehend, embrace his housekeeper!—and the Lady's ways are those of the "second table." Nor let any one mistake Madame Tadolini's manner for that of Italian genteel comedy. It is true that the stage heroines of Goldoni's and Notti's dramas gesticulate more than a Mars would have accredited—that they are given to speaking in voices somewhat more vociferous than suit "the ears polite" of the English, who are trained to talk so that no one can hear them. But a *Donna di testa debole* or a *Vedova scaltra* does not exhibit the shrugs and the tossings to and fro nor the manual angularities of *Corallina* her maid. Then, poor *Signor Labocetta*, the tenor, is a specimen of "singing small" if ever example of such there were: since, compared with him, *Signor Gardoni* is a *tenore di forza*, while *Signor Beletti*, though a robust and manly singer, with a fair share of execution, wants the spirit and lightness which befit the part of the *Dottore*. We repeat, that to us, the performance of 'Don Pasquale' was an execution in the Tyburn acceptance of the word.

But a murder far more heinous has been committed at *Her Majesty's Theatre* this week. Poor *M. Meyerbeer* (if all tales be true, not the least punctilious of composers)!—how must his ears have tingled when his 'Robert' was given with one principal character, involving merely two entire acts, the two principal *soprano* songs of the opera, one of its three great situations, and its only grand *finale*—coolly swept away! By past musical performances, we were apprised that neither *Mr. Lumley* nor *Mr. Balfe* recognizes the difference existing between one of the flimsy Italian operas—written by instinct and full of *pièces d'occasion* which can be removed without damage to effect or climax—and those thoughtful and elaborate works in which sequence, contrast, and stage effect have been all regarded by the composer. We have never heard the 'Robert' as compressed by the Germans into four acts without feeling that a large part of its beauty was lost. But a wholesale piece of presumption like the above does surprise us. We were not prepared for such a confession of destitution on the part of the management,—or else of destruction perpetrated for the sake of a favourite artist; whom, moreover, we have been again and again invited to admire for her respect for the operas in which she appears. If no *donna* equal to 'En vain j'espère' and 'Robert' be in the theatre—strange and unjust sentence on *Mdlle. Cravelli* and *Mdlle. Vera*!—wherefore give the work at all unless the Swedish Lady is in *extremis* for a new (or old) attraction. And if so given, "what need you," as *Goneril* hath it.

Five and twenty, ten, or five?

Why not, in 'Robert,' dispense with the attendance of *Raimbault* and the *Priest*? Why not withdraw, as superfluous, all *solos* in *Mdlle. Lind's* operas save *Mdlle. Lind's* own?—taking, for instance, from *Signor Coletti* the opening, and from *Signor Gardoni* the close, of 'Lucia.' Why not "mount" 'Don Juan' without *Donna Anna's* arias—and 'Figaro' stunted of 'Porgi amor' and 'Dove sono' that *Zerlina* and *Susanna* may shine the brighter? Rapacious as these propositions sound, they are as defensible as the liberties taken with Meyerbeer. Such a short and easy method of getting up operas has, it is true, tradition on its side. It was well known in the days of Madame Catalani and the "Quatre ou cinq poupées" associated with her despotic self; but *Mr. Ebers*, in his chronicle, recorded what was the effect of her despotism upon the Opera—and those who desire the prosperity of the present management may well deprecate such a contribution of materials towards a second volume of the 'Book of Ruins' as this proceeding furnishes. The time, the place, and the persons considered,—it is the most indefensible transaction on which we have been as yet called to

animadvert. Nor did the execution, *Mdlle. Lind's Alice* excepted, or the success, of 'Robert' in any respect justify its mutilation.

HAYMARKET.—We are now able to speak of *Mr. and Mrs. Kean's* performance in the respective characters of *Euelyn* and *Clara Douglas*, in the comedy of 'Money.' The dramatic peculiarity of these parts is that they are the lady and gentleman, not of the stage, but of real life. The true way of acting them is, therefore, to give the appearance of not acting at all to the most elaborate effort at maintaining their *verisemblance*—the most difficult perhaps of all tasks in professional histrionism. We have seen amateurs succeed better in such parts than the well-drilled regular performer. There always has been, however, much of the amateur quality in the style of both *Mr. and Mrs. Kean*. The former has really enacted but few characters; and, however frequently he may have repeated them, he has therefore had but small experience in dramatic characterization. The latter, after a lengthened matriculation as "walking lady," rose by force of natural pathos, not by stage artifices, to the highest rank of her profession. These facts may serve in great measure to account for the impression which their performance in the characters now under notice has made on the judicious. *Mr. Kean's Euelyn* is marked by ease, elegance and passion; the two former qualities being excellent of their kind—the last suffering from the actor's habitual tricks of style. Could *Mr. Kean* afford to be natural, his presentation would be in all points admirable. The fault which we have condemned in him does not attach to his wife; and accordingly, nothing more perfect was ever witnessed on the stage than *Mrs. Kean's* impersonation of the truly generous and noble *Clara Douglas*. It was nature itself—refined and idealized, but still nature. We must not close without bestowing on *Mr. Wigan* a word of merited praise for his original and effective performance of *Dudley Smooth*. The rest of the comedy—which is very difficult to cast,—was acted with much spirit; and the revival, though not calculated for a long run, must, on purely artistic grounds, be considered a decided success.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We have year after year adverted to the unsatisfactory state of the law of musical copyright in this country. It has been brought nearer a settlement by recent trials, to which also allusion has been made by us as they have occurred. But a pamphlet by *Mr. T. Webster*, containing a report of the case of *Cocks v. Purday*, in the matter of the *Labitzky Waltzes*, brings the present state of the question before all concerned in a compendious form; the argument (so to say) being pointed in the Introduction as follows.—

The right of foreigners to copyright in certain cases was conceded; but the decision of the Court of Exchequer in *Chappell v. Purday*, when applied to a state of facts different from that upon which the Court decided, had given such countenance to piracies of the works of foreign authors, that serious doubts were entertained by some persons as to whether foreigners domiciled abroad or the assignees of such foreigners could have copyright in this country. The case of *Chappell v. Purday* decided that if a composition has been published abroad before being published here, copyright in this country is at an end. The case reported in the following pages decides that if a composition has not been published abroad prior to publication here, copyright may exist here, and be enjoyed by the author, though a foreigner and domiciled abroad, or by his assignee; the principle of law recognized in both cases being that a person cannot resume that which he has once given to the public or made *publici juris* by publication. Consequently that an author who publishes in a foreign country previous to his publication here, must be taken to have abandoned his rights here, by leaving it open to any one of the public to import into this country that which had become known elsewhere. Whether the party claiming to be the proprietor of copyright in this country, by purchase or otherwise from a foreigner, possesses a good derivative title, will depend upon the special circumstances of each case; but it being decided that foreigners domiciled abroad may have copyright in this country in respect of works composed abroad, such copyright may be transferred to and vested in another according to the municipal law regulating the transfer of such property.

We need hardly express our satisfaction at the step in the right direction here announced. The freer free trade is, the more intolerable becomes robbery. They who have been the most clamorous about the "rights of native talent" have been always the most shameless in wronging the foreigner and in spoiling each other's home market.

It is now stated that Mlle. Lind has at last declined to take an engagement at Norwich: the sum of 1,000*l.* having been offered to her—the largest temptation, we believe, ever held out to a vocalist on a similar occasion, and not in England's most prosperous year. Fortunately, the Committee, so inconveniently kept in suspense, has plenty of substitutes within its reach. Not to mention Madame Viardot-Garcia and Madame Dorus-Gras (either of whom is more available, in right of her ability to sing in English), Madame Castellan by her recent performances of classical music and her obvious attention to our language would seem aspiring to become a first-class concert *soprano*. There is, assuredly, just now a vacancy: the bidding for the post of honour being rendered all the more animated by the present ruined state of Continental Art. To return for a moment:—We are informed, on the best authority, that Mlle. Lind this year again positively asserts her determination of retiring at the close of the season. If this be real earnest, and not one of those devices for keeping up excitement of which the annals of theatrical life afford similar examples, it is to be regretted that so excellent a musician as she is should disappear without having given to the world any adequate idea of her musical skill. No one can read the principal *soprano* part of "Elijah" without feeling something like an assurance that Mlle. Lind's voice is in the ears of its composer while he was writing it. It is vexatious, therefore, that the part should not once have been filled by her for whom it was originally intended. But if a wilful man must have his way, how much more a wilful *prima donna*? And if Handel and Beethoven and Mendelssohn win the crown, Donizetti and Bellini command the bouquets.

We have spoken of the cold reception of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at Leipzig. The Oratorio has taken its right place in other parts of Germany; having been performed at Cassel, we are informed, with the utmost care, under Dr. Spohr's auspices. It was given, too, not long since at Potsdam, with merited success.

"L'Apparition," just produced at the *Théâtre de la Nation* at Paris, is a two-act opera; the music by M. Benoist.—M. Roger has closed accounts with the *Opéra Comique*; and, we presume, may therefore be shortly expected at Covent Garden,—since we see by the bills that the management holds to its purpose of giving "Haydee" in Italian.—M. Massol, too, the clever *basso* who was the original *Nevers* in "Les Huguenots," has been driven hither by stress of weather; and may possibly, too, appear in that opera, which, also, we are told, is in rehearsal at Covent Garden. Madame Müller (formerly Mlle. La Duport) has been engaged at the *Théâtre de la Nation*.

The ruinous condition of theatrical property in France has inspired the friends and professors of the art with the plan of a general congress of parties interested, for the purpose of deliberating on some scheme of rescue. A provisional committee, assembled under the presidency of M. Victor Hugo, arranged the bases of this general assembly—which was to be held, on Sunday last, in the Hall of the *Spectacles-Concerts*. We have not yet seen an account of the result.

Amid the political convulsions of the continent, we have seen, "all the daughters of Music" are "brought low." For the first time in twenty-seven years, the Grand Annual Musical Festival of the *Germanic Lands*—which has drawn together the lovers of song from all parts of Germany and from many another land, and should have taken place in the present year at Düsseldorf about this time—will not be held.

A correspondent at Florence writes to us as follows:—"I may mention that old Rossini is here, enjoying his well-earned *otium cum dignitate*. Meantime—though the two facts are nowise connected—Lonari is giving the 'Guillaume Tell' very creditably at the *Teatro Nuovo*. La Bussegué, whose pretty young face and fresh young voice make her a great favourite with our not-over-critical Florentine public, despite a lack of teaching, force, and manner—is singing *Mathilde* and Bockardé—who two or three years ago was introduced to the musical world here as a self-taught prodigy, being the son of Prince Orsini's cook,—sings really very satisfactorily the tenor part of the lover.

It may be mentioned as a rather curious fact in the natural history of the voice, that while many tenors in Italy are quietly dropping down to baritones, Bockardé, who was formerly a baritone, is now singing tenor; and in the trio takes two or three times the *Si natural chest* excessively well, and actually attains the *Do chest* in his song,—though he fails oftener than he succeeds. You are doubtless aware that few tenors in Italy take even the *Si flat*. The opera has been very well received here,—as the sentiment chimes marvellously well with the prevailing tone of the popular mind, and the trampling on the Austrian banner at the close of the last scene is hailed with rapturous enthusiasm and delight night after night. It is true that much cannot be said of the other singers,—it is true that the pretty *ballet* is cut out,—it is true that the orchestral effects intended by the composer are injured by the destruction of the proper proportion between the component parts, all the brass written for being necessarily there, while instead of the first fiddles we have four only—and so on: all this is true; but, "*che vuole*?"—the price of entrance is five-pence halfpenny, and the best box in the theatre may be had for 4*s.* 6*d.*!

Let us now make up a nosegay of Transatlantic "flowers of rhetoric," showing what American music and drama are about at the time present. In New York, at the *Park Theatre*, "a fine bill, with the lovely sylphs of Vienna" (the *troupe* of Madame Weiss) is announced.—At the *Bowery Theatre*, Mr. Scott, on his reappearance as *Macbeth* after his return from Europe, was cheered "for six minutes by the watch (a long time when counted)."—At the *Chatham Theatre*, "over 40,000 persons have witnessed 'New York as it is,'—and every one agrees that it is the most natural representation of every-day life among certain classes in our city." "*Negrodons*" and the "Tyrolean Alpine Singers" seem to make up the quota of entertainment provided.—The Italian Opera Company whose speculation in New York terminated so operatically (that is, with a heavy loss) has removed to Boston.

We have before us a lengthened printed correspondence relative to the members of the "Théâtre Historique," "Monte Christo," and the conduct of the English actors and audiences at Drury Lane Theatre. The time of the House of Lords has also been occupied with discussions on the subject; and both factions have been represented by rival journals. All this talking and writing has really added nothing to the argument, as we have already stated it. Meanwhile, the matter has been permitted to settle itself. M. Hostein having been wisely induced to transfer the performance of M. Dumas's ten-act piece from Drury Lane to the St. James's—generously placed at the disposal of his company by Mr. Mitchell—the experiment has at length been fairly tried. Whether there was really much to fear in the performance—and how far it was calculated to compete injuriously with English dramas and English actors—may now be judged. The first part was acted on Wednesday to a small audience; which, so little had it been interested in the early scenes, became much smaller in the course of the evening. The acting of MM. Meline and Boutin was highly meritorious.—but the drama was *caviare* alike to "the general" and the select. The question has its ludicrous as well as its commercial phase:—of the former, advantage has been, of course, taken. *Punch*, for instance, tells his readers that "the feeling of indignation at the late invasion of the French actors is very strong indeed among the English translators. Many of the members of the Dramatic Authors' Society have sworn themselves in as special constables, to take up every French subject directly the said subject shall appear." Apropos to this, we may advantageously quote from the speech in Parliament of Lord Beaumont—who, after stating that he had been to the Haymarket and Lyceum theatres, and had seen at those houses plays which were translated from the French, declared, as we think with much justice, that "if the choice lay between a bad translation of a French piece and the same piece in the original, he should prefer the latter." In this and other respects our English theatres need reform. Let them be more intelligently managed than they have been—and with a more strict regard to the original genius of the country—and the taste for native dramatic performances will in all probability revive. If it do

not, the English actor may as well let foreigners pick up if they can what he has irrecoverably lost.

MISCELLANEA

The Expected Comet.—As the world is looking out for the immediate return of one of the great historical comets, the following summary of particulars, stated in a lecture upon the Science of Astronomy delivered by Mr. Henry Althans, jun. before the Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution, may be worth quoting:—Our readers will perceive that the illustrious messenger has lost much of his dignity by coming a few months too late. "Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" when Europe is in a blaze. There has been a mistake somewhere. The world would not wait for his coming, it seems, to be revolutionized. Had he made his appearance in January the doctrine of portents would have gained as much as the credit of science will if he come later by his periodical return.

On the 6th day of March 1556, this eccentric wanderer was first perceptible in the sign *Libra*. Pursuing its celestial course with great velocity, it touched the left wing of the sign *Virgo*, passed below the knee of the constellation *Bootes*, whence it ascended to the northern pole of the ecliptic (its inclination being 32 deg. 6 m.), towards *Andromeda*, where it lingered, but receding towards the northern *Fish*, it was there lost. Its perihelion (or nearest point to the sun) was passed on the 21st day of April, just two days previous to its final disappearance. Whilst it remained within the circle of those topical stars which never set, the comet was visible all night long; and throughout its course, the apparent magnitude of the head was uniformly as large as Jupiter to the naked eye. Its motion ran contrariwise to the succession of the *Zodiacal signs*; and within the space of four days it completed 70 deg. westward, and 50 deg. northward, directing its path towards *Saturn* (then in *Aries*), but apparently slackening its speed as it approached that planet. At first its heliocentric motion was retrograde—at last direct. In the intermediate course it was most swift, despatching 15 deg. daily. The nucleus (or body) presented the aspect of a bright globe of flame equivalent to a half-moon, but the rays and colours varied and interchanged like the flickering of a flame agitated by the wind. The tail was moderately long and much attenuated; at first presenting a martial aspect, but subsequently dissolving into a pale and livid complexion: the stream of rays was denser near the head, and more rarefied towards the extremity of the tail, which at first pointed eastward, but as the comet mounted to the north, the train took a southerly direction. This eccentric member of the solar system has been conjectured to be identical with that mighty comet which startled Europe in the year 1284, so particularly described by *Palaeologus*, *Zuingler*, *Calvisius*, *Matthew Paris*, and other chroniclers of the period. That portentous visitant was first discernible near the sign *Taurus*, behind the planet *Venus*; and it raged during the whole summer season, until the 7th day of October. It was originally observed in the twilight of the evening; but speedily passing the sun on the 6th of July, at a rapid rate, (the place of its perihelion being 21 deg. of *Capricorn*), it re-appeared shortly before the morning twilight towards the 8th deg. of *Cancer*, whence it retrograded very quickly into *Gemini*, threatening its way between *Canis* and *Orion*, but ultimately retreating into the latter constellation. Its movement from east to west was more than equal to 50 deg. of latitude, and hardly 5 deg. of longitude. The inclination of its parabolic orbit to the ecliptic was 361 deg.; and the distance of its perihelion (that of the earth being 1) was 0.445. At first it followed the morning stars, but subsequently preceded that brilliant orb. The train or tail was very long and broad, resembling a fan in shape, emerging from the eastern horizon before the dimmer nucleus; and, when fully ascended, stretching itself upwards, and shooting its rays to the meridian, the comet occupied in length one-half of the heavens, presenting a fearful apparition to the eye of the superstitious spectator. As it swept along through space the tail diminished daily in breadth, but proportionately increased in length and brilliancy. Contemporary historians relate many terrible calamities as befalling the nations of Europe during the year 1284; among other strange coincidences, it is related in the *Libri Chronicorum* (printed at Nuremberg, A.D. 1493), and confirmed by other writers in the middle age, that on the occasion of the first appearance of this blazing star, the sovereign Pontiff, Urban IV., was seized with an alarming distemper, which confined his holiness to his apartment during the entire period that the comet prevailed; and on the very night that the comet disappeared the Pope expired. In 1556, its appearance was accompanied by similarly strange sublimity events. The victorious emperor Charles V., to the amazement of the world, suddenly resigned the crowns of Germany and Spain, and betook himself to a monastery, where he shortly died. It was in a paper read before the Royal Society of London about the middle of the last century (vide *Philos. Trans.* vol. 47), that Mr. Dunthorne hazarded the supposition that these two celestial strangers were identical—a conjecture also countenanced by the eminent French astronomer, M. de Lalande. This hypothesis has recently found a sanguine advocate in Mr. J. R. Hind, the discoverer of the new *asteroid*. But its return during the current year (1848), although indorsed by these high authorities, is very problematical; for the cautious Dr. Halley has expressly included the comet of 1556 along with five others concerning whose elements he was sceptical, as the observations handed down by *Paulus Frontinus* and other astronomers (which formed the basis of his computation) were made neither with good instruments nor with

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